

Eight Months of President Taft. By Sydney Brooks.

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A WOOD SONG FOR A CHILD.

Now one and all you Roses,
Wake up, you lie too long!
This very morning closes
The Nightingale his song;

Each from its olive chamber
His babies every one
This very morning clamber
Into the shining sun.

You Slug-a-beds and Simplees,
Why will you so delay?
Dears, doff your olive wimples
And listen while you may.

Ralph Hodgson.

The Saturday Review.

TO THE SO-CALLED VENUS OF
MILO.

I

Thou armless Splendor, Victory's own
breath;

Embraceless Beauty, Strength bereft
of hands;

To whose high pedestal a hundred
lands

Send rent of awe, and sons to stand
beneath;

To whom Adonis never brought a
wreath,

Nor Tannhauser a song, but whose
commands

Were blindly followed, by immortal
bands

Who wooed thee at Thermopylae in
death:

No Venus thou; but nurse of legions
steeled

By Freedom's self, where rang her
highest note,

And never has thy bosom felt a kiss:

No Venus thou; but on the golden
shield

Which once thy lost left held, thy
lost right wrote:

"At Marathon and briny Salamis."

II

Perhaps thy arms are lying where they
hold

The roots of some old olive, which
strikes deep

In Attic earth; or where the Greek
girls reap

With echoes of the harvest hymns of
old;

Or haply in some seaweed-cushioned
fold

Of warm Greek seas, which shadows
of ships sweep,

While prying dolphins through the
green ribs peep,

Of sunken galleys filled with Persian
gold.

Or were they shattered,—pounded back
to lime,

To make the mortar for some Turk-
ish tower

Which overshadowed Freedom for a
time?

Or strewn as dust, to make, with sun
and shower,

The grain and vine and olive of their
clime,

As was the hand that wrought them
in an hour?

Eugene Lee-Hamilton.

MY LADY OF DREAMS.

(From the French of Paul Verlaine.)

Of-times, in dreams intense, she doth
appear,

This unknown one I love, who loveth
me;

Subtly she changes, yet unchanged
is she

Each time she cometh to me, ah, how
near!

My heart for her transparent is (but
clear

For her alone; alas! its mystery).

She smoothes my forehead, all my
agony

She weeps away—she only, loved and
dear.

How looketh she, what color eyes and
hair?

I cannot tell! Her name? 'Tis so-
norous

And sweet as those that ransomed
spirits bear;

No sculptured goddess hath more calm
a mien;

And for her voice—not sweeter were
to us

Loved voices that now are not—that
have been.

Frederick Niven.

The Nation.

EIGHT MONTHS OF PRESIDENT TAFT.

March 4th in Washington was a day of snow and sleet and slush and harsh, tempestuous winds. It completely ruined what is never perhaps a very imposing or a very well-managed ceremony, the inauguration of a new American President. Yet from one standpoint there was a certain humorous propriety in the fury of the elements. If it was anything but a harmonious prelude to the reign of tranquillity which Mr. Taft was expected to usher in, it was a not incongruous finale to a Presidency which even its friends admitted to have been belligerent, and which its enemies described as not less than convulsive. That Mr. Roosevelt's term of office should end in a blizzard seemed more natural than that Mr. Taft's should begin in one. From the latter America looked, first of all, for peace. I do not mean external peace—that was taken as a matter of course—but internal peace—peace between the White House and Congress, and between the President and the world of business and finance. After the excursions and alarms of the Roosevelt *régime* the people were prepared to listen to the calmer voice of reasoned persuasion. Mr. Roosevelt's sledge-hammer methods were doubtless suited to the conditions in which he found himself. The moral sense of America when he entered the White House was all but asleep, and organized wealth ruled the country. It is a fair contention that no agency less powerful than his stentorian voice and the proddings of his "big stick" could have awakened the one or dethroned the other. His policies, moderate in themselves, seemed revolutionary only because of the heat and combativeness with which he advocated them. Much of that heat was certainly temperamental; but much also was due to a

conviction that a milder and less sensational propaganda was doomed to failure. The movement Mr. Roosevelt initiated was primarily a moral, and not a social, political, or economic movement; and evangelists, as we know, are often obliged, like other folk, to beat a drum before they can collect an audience. To bring home to the minds and hearts and consciences of his fellow-countrymen the necessity of honesty in public and private life; of justice between class and class; of humanizing the relations between employer and employed; of asserting the supremacy of national over private interests, of enforcing obedience to the law upon rich and poor alike, and of rescuing the natural wealth and resources of the country from improvident exploitation—this was the great task to which Mr. Roosevelt addressed himself. It was not a task that could be accomplished by gentle ratiocination. It required for its successful performance a certain force and extravagance of language which Mr. Roosevelt, for his part, was only too ready to supply. Nor was it a task that could be carried through without a considerable disturbance of settled habits and entrenched standards. The President, no doubt, made that disturbance greater than it might have been by his slashing harangues and the vehemence of his attack. But that an upheaval of some sort there had to be if the millionaire and the Boss were not to rule America indefinitely seems to me incontestable. Now that the turmoil has subsided, pretty nearly all Americans appear to agree that Mr. Roosevelt's policies were fundamentally right; that he taught both the people and the plutocracy a much-needed lesson, and that he rendered American civilization a great and enduring serv-

ice, first, in convincing the heads of the big corporations that they had more to gain by keeping within the law than by breaking it, by taking the public into their confidence than by conducting all their operations behind a veil of secrecy, and by abandoning illegal and dishonorable practices than by persevering in them; and, secondly, in creating a public opinion at once more sensitive to social and economic shortcomings and injustices, and more swift to condemn political and business methods that a decade ago were all but universally condoned.

There was a feeling, however, strongest, of course, in Wall Street, but discernible also among the mass of the people, that Mr. Roosevelt's too aggressive and spectacular tactics had served their turn, and that it was for Mr. Taft to continue the work of readjustment and reform with the minimum of disturbance to political and economic stability. The American people had no wish to see Mr. Roosevelt's policies either reversed or abandoned, but they hoped it might be possible to prosecute them with less violence and with greater regard for the nerves of the commercial world. They expected Mr. Taft to follow in his predecessor's footsteps, but more warily and with a less reverberant tread; to develop his policies, but less volcanically, with fewer outbursts, in a better temper, and with more dignity. The task was one eminently congenial both to the new President's views and to his personality, and the hope of America was that the moral upheaval which Mr. Roosevelt brought about with so much turmoil and friction might, under the mellowing direction of his successor, bear fruit in legislation that would be passed and accepted unanimously. Everything seemed to favor Mr. Taft when he stepped into the White House. Both Houses of Congress were in the control of his party; there was a universal

disposition to accept his advent to office as the beginning of an era of confidence and good feeling; and he found ready to hand the atmosphere and the state of mind most propitious for the kind of constructive work in which he excels. He has, moreover, a reflective, probing, disentangling mind; he is strong, cautious, and serene; his mountainous geniality makes innumerable friends and no enemies; he is almost startlingly unprovocative; his gift of lubricating sagacity is precisely the gift most likely to ensure harmony between the White House and Congress; and he is thoroughly experienced in the work of administration. All this and the further fact that he himself subscribed to and had taken a large part in formulating the Roosevelt policies, pointed to his Presidency as a time of quiet, progressive, and valuable achievement. Anyone, indeed, knowing the speaker and his circumstances could have foretold the tone and substance of his Inaugural Address. It outlined a practical and unalarming programme in sober and restrained language. Mr. Taft began by endorsing the Roosevelt policies, and hinted at the measures which next month he will definitely ask Congress to pass for the purpose of clinching them. His stand on the Army and Navy in no way differed from his predecessor's. In what he said about reforming the currency and banking laws, about the Panama Canal, about ship subsidies, and about the use of injunctions in labor disputes, there was little or nothing that Mr. Roosevelt had not said before him. The main purpose of the Address was to reiterate the necessity of an immediate and effective revision of the Tariff, a problem which Mr. Roosevelt with more prudence than statesmanship had consistently passed by. It contained, however, three suggestions that were really noticeable. The first favored a graduated inheritance tax. The second

called for legislation that would enable the Federal Executive to enforce the Treaty rights of alien residents and immigrants. At present, as San Francisco has abundantly proved, those rights are at the mercy of any State or city that chooses to disregard them; and, short of civil war, there is no way in which the United States Government can impose upon any of the States in the Union a respect for Treaty obligations. In all matters relating to engagements with foreign Powers the scheme of the American polity makes the authority of the whole subordinate to the authority of the parts; and Mr. Taft's proposal to reverse a state of affairs so humiliating to the national credit, though one of obvious justice and enlightenment, is also one that carries with it considerable Constitutional implications. The third suggestion in his address which went rather beyond the normal round of Mr. Roosevelt's recommendations, bore on the vexed problem of negro office-holders, and was so indicative of the man and his instinctive methods of approaching political questions that it deserves some further notice.

In the Southern States the great majority of the whites are Democrats, and practically all the negroes are Republicans. Mr. Taft himself a year or so ago bluntly told the Southern Republicans that they "represented little save a factional chase for Federal offices in which business men, and men of substance in the community, have no desire to enter." The political affiliations of the two races are determined solely by what happened nearly fifty years ago. The Republican Party freed the negroes and wore down on the battlefield the seceding Southern States, and were responsible for the horrors of the Reconstruction period. Hence the negroes are Republicans and the whites Democrats. The results of this meaningless rigidity of party di-

visions are equally harmful to the South and to the nation. In every Presidential election the Republican campaign managers have to collect negro delegates to the nominating convention, and the methods they employ are not of the most scrupulous. There are few Southern States in which any appreciable number of the negroes are allowed to vote. Nevertheless, the negro delegates bear their full part in choosing the Republican candidates for the Presidency, and represent an element in the ranks of the party which, however ignorant and corrupt, cannot be ignored. But the influence of the Southern whites on the Democratic Party is at least equally unhealthy. Democratic leaders are accustomed to speak of the South as the seat of their party's strength. It is really the source of their weakness. The Southerners are Democrats, not positively and inherently, but by the force of reflex action. They are Democrats because they are not Republicans, and they are not Republicans because they remember the 'sixties and what followed them. That is to say, their allegiance to the Democratic Party is governed by the race issue alone, and the race issue has no tangible relation whatever to the politics of the day. High-tariff Southerners and low-tariff Southerners, Southerners who are Imperialists, Southerners who are anti-Imperialists, Southerners who stand on every side of every public question, all join the Democratic Party because that party is supposed to be sound on the race issue. A more factitious and demoralizing state of things it would be impossible to conceive, and so long as it obtains, the Democrats can never be anything but a quarrelsome and impotent party, in office or out of it, and fundamentally divided among themselves. I see no real future before them until the South has readjusted its focus and has learned to look at pres-

ent-day politics in the light of present-day conditions. As things are now, the South stands apart from the national life, and preys fruitlessly upon itself.

To break the solidity of the South has long been the ambition of Republican Presidents. There was a chance at one time that Mr. Roosevelt would realize it, but the chance was thrown away when he incautiously stirred up the racial question in its most contentious form, first, by the Booker-Washington lunch with its implication of a social equality between the two races, and, secondly, by appointing to various Federal offices in the South negroes whom the whites refused to accept. Mr. Taft is determined to avoid either mistake. Since his election he has spent a good deal of his time in the South, has everywhere been received with enthusiasm, and has made many speeches in the true spirit of conciliatory statesmanship. He realizes that the question of negro appointments is all-important, and that the desire which he cherishes "to bring the South closer to the central Government in thought and action and feeling" will remain nothing more than a pious aspiration unless he carries local sentiment with him in the negro office-holders he selects. In his Inaugural Address he touched on this subject with great good sense. He would not, he said, abandon the "just policy" of appointing negroes to office, but he practically pledged himself not to appoint them "in a community in which the race feeling is so widespread and acute as to interfere with the ease and facility with which the local government business can be carried on." Those are healing words. They are an official intimation that the President, though a Republican, intends to work with and not against the sentiment of Southern Democrats. So long as Mr. Taft is in the White House there will be no payments of political debts at the cost

of racial animosities, and no attempt to dragoon the South into submitting to the official domination of negroes. Sympathy and co-operation are the key-notes of Mr. Taft's Southern policy, and the South, which can always be persuaded and can never be driven, will not be slow in responding to it. I venture to predict not only that more negroes will be appointed by Mr. Taft than were appointed by any of his predecessors; not only that racial friction will diminish, but that the policy and personality of the new President will impart an immense impetus to the many industrial influences that are slowly weaning the South from its Democratic allegiance, and undermining its unhappy and hampering spirit of sectionalism.

Mr. Taft is a lawyer who has developed almost by accident a great capacity for administration. President Roosevelt was an administrator by every instinct of his being, and only stopped to think of the law when he was forced to. Mr. Taft's first and most natural impulse is to ask of any given policy, Is it Constitutional? President Roosevelt's was to ask as few questions as possible, to proceed at once to action, and to expect the Constitution to stand out of his way. Nobody knowing the temperament of the two men could doubt that Mr. Taft in the White House would strictly observe all the proprieties and formalities and restrictions that his predecessor appeared to disregard at most times, and did actually disregard at some. A little incident which occurred on the opening of Congress on March 15th confirmed the general expectation that the new Presidency implied new methods. The rules of the House of Representatives throw a power into the hands of the Speaker so prodigious as to make his influence over the actual course of legislation considerably greater than that of the President. A

number of Republicans in the House were determined, if possible, to alter the rules and break the Speaker's despotism. They appealed to Mr. Taft to help them. It was an appeal I can hardly imagine Mr. Roosevelt declining to listen to. The rules, he would have argued, were bad, and ought to be amended. They allow the Speaker—and the present Speaker, Mr. Cannon, is a hide-bound reactionary—to obstruct any measures of which he disapproved; they blocked reforms and stifled debate; and they elevated the Speakership to a position of authority in many ways superior to the Presidency itself. This, I conceive, would have been enough for Mr. Roosevelt; he would have taken off his coat and plunged gleefully into the fight. Not so Mr. Taft. He refused to take any hand whatever, either in attacking or defending the procedure of the House. It was, he said, none of his business. As President, he had no right to interfere one way or the other with the internal discipline and economy of either House of Congress. It was altogether a question for the members to settle for themselves, and he quietly smiled away every attempt to drag him into it.

The same cautious regard for the Constitutional limitations of his office was shown by the President in dealing with the Tariff Bill. The Republicans had pledged themselves to revise the Tariff, and Mr. Taft, by summoning a special session of Congress to tackle the problem, demonstrated his intention of holding them to their pledge. The pledge, to be sure, was not very explicit. The Republican platform, indeed, had strongly emphasized the necessity of maintaining Protection in sufficient strength to "equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad," and to afford a "reasonable profit to American industries." But within the ample margin of those

judicious saving-clauses the Republican Party and the President were unquestionably committed to a reduction of the Dingley schedules, and many of their followers in the Middle West were determined that the reduction should be effectual. On paper the Democrats were also valiant Tariff Reformers. They pledged themselves to such gradual reductions "as may be necessary to restore the Tariff to a revenue basis." They proposed to place on the free list all articles competing with Trust-controlled products and manufacturers, to effect immediate reductions on "the necessities of life," and to abolish forthwith the duties on pulp, print paper, and lumber. So much for the two parties. The country generally trusted neither, and while anxious that the cost of living should be reduced, dreaded nothing so much as the business insecurity that accompanies a fiscal upheaval. It had accommodated itself to the Dingley Act, though it knew that its effect was to plunder the consumer for the benefit of the manufacturer; it regarded a reasonable Protection as the settled and unanimous policy of the nation; it had altogether emerged from the state of mind in which the Tariff was a moral issue to be wrangled over by rival schools of fiscal theologians; and it was chiefly concerned to see that the question, if it was to be dealt with at all, should be dealt with quickly and put out of sight.

What happened was what has happened before, and what will happen again so long as the Tariff remains in politics. The election pledges of both parties were cynically, shamelessly repudiated. The Republicans who had undertaken to revise the Tariff downwards revised it upwards, and the Democrats assisted them in the process. The new Bill was drafted by the House Committee of Ways and Means, the members of which, being appointed by

the Speaker, himself a stalwart Protectionist, played, and were expected to play, the strict party game. They began by working through the Dingley Act schedule by schedule. Being for the most part lawyers by profession, with little practical knowledge of business, with no staff of experts to assist them, and confronted with a Tariff that affected some two thousand articles directly, and as many more indirectly, they had to trust for guidance to "public hearings." At those hearings everybody was represented except the public. The witnesses were all interested parties. Whether lobbyists working for their living, Congressmen currying favor with their constituents, or manufacturers who realized that a little judicious manipulation meant millions in cold cash, all who appeared before the Committee had something tangible to gain by influencing its decisions. No oath was administered; they were under no constraint beyond that of presenting their case as effectively as possible. And except when their proposals happened to clash with those of another "interest," when, for instance, producer and manufacturer came to logger-heads, there was no one to question, criticize, or cross-examine even their wildest statements. The consumers, the ninety and nine, were throughout absolutely unrepresented; the organized few rode rough-shod, as usual, over the unorganized many. Sugar allied itself with steel, tobacco was leagued with lumber, wool grasped hands with petroleum. All helped themselves and one another by supporting the party that supported them. Neither in the Committee nor on the floor of the House, nor in the debates in the Senate, was there any question of national welfare, of economic principle, of public revenue. A squalid, feverish, chaotic struggle of all the "interests" in the country to get their heads into the trough was the spectacle that Con-

gress presented, and always has presented, during a Tariff session. The politicians held the pen that wrote the new Tariff, but their hand was guided by the lobbyist and the corporation agent. As usual, every locality wanted Protection for its own special interest, and Free Trade for every other interest. As usual, there were hardly a dozen men in the whole of Congress who took the large national view. As usual, the manufacturer, on the plea of defending the workman against the "pauper wages of Europe," succeeded in getting his entire labor bill paid by the taxpayer. As usual, log-rolling, dickers, deals, and "trades" dictated the schedules. As usual, nominal reductions were found to be more than balanced by changes of classification, by the addition of an innocent-looking word or line of which no one but the expert who inserted it grasped the significance, or by some inconspicuous qualification that turned out to be worth thousands a year to the "interest" that had slipped it in. As usual, the public was fooled from the beginning to the end. I will not say that a worse Tariff was never framed, though I cannot conceive one more utterly remote from any consideration either of fiscal principle or of the general good. But I will say that no Tariff was ever framed in a worse way. The scandal, the folly, and the disgrace of it effectually woke the nation. There was no Tariff question in the United States six months ago. There is one now. It is not a question of Protection or Free Trade. It is a question of rescuing the fiscal policy of the nation from conscienceless politics and industrial cupidity.

It is not difficult to imagine what would have been Mr. Roosevelt's attitude towards the whole revolting comedy. As soon as he saw that the Republicans were disavowing all their ante-election pledges and

were substituting for the Dingley Tariff a Bill that was nothing less than a fraud upon the nation, he would have raised an early and strident protest; he would have appealed to the people above the heads of their representatives; he would have made each clause and schedule a separate battleground; he might—he probably would—have provoked a serious split in the party ranks, and for the time being have impaired or even wrecked his Presidential effectiveness, but he would at least have secured a Bill that was not a hodge-podge of chicanery. Mr. Taft's methods were much less sensational. The debates dragged on for nearly four months without a sign from him. He was biding his time; but whether to veto the Bill, or to insist on its amendment, or to pass it in the form in which it would be submitted to him, nobody quite knew. It was not until the Senate and the House of Representatives had met in conference to compromise the differences between their respective measures that the President struck. He struck hard, but he struck too late. He forced upon Congress some substantial reductions in the lumber and leather schedules, placing hides on the free list and lowering the duties on sole leather, boots and shoes; but he did not succeed, as he frankly admitted, in obtaining a measure that corresponded with the promises of the Republican platform. Seven Republican Senators from the Middle West voted against the new Bill in its final form, an incident without parallel in the history of the party; and throughout the districts they represent there is not only a feeling of deep disgust with the barefaced methods adopted by the high Protectionist interests, but also a conviction that the President might have done more than he did do, and that his failure to redeem his pledges will lead to an electoral revolt against the Republican

Party. The country generally sympathizes with the difficulties of Mr. Taft's position, and with his quite intelligible reluctance to begin his Administration with a rupture between the White House and Congress; and it is probably too much bored and confused by the endless technicalities of the whole question, and too much relieved to have it settled for the time being on any terms, to care much about the precise apportionment of praise and blame. It is far from endorsing Mr. Taft's description of the new Act as "the best ever," and it heartily hopes that no other revision of the Tariff will ever be undertaken except by an expert and impartial Commission, a Commission which the President tried hard to secure, but which Congress refused to grant him except for the limited purpose of aiding in the application of maximum and minimum rates to foreign countries. Roughly speaking, it diagnoses the issue of the struggle between Congress and the President as a drawn battle. At the crucial moment the party leaders discovered that they could not "run" Mr. Taft, and that there was a good-humored stubbornness about him to which they had to yield. They yielded all the more readily because they had obtained seven-tenths of what they wanted. But the experience taught them that, though Mr. Taft adopted none of his predecessor's rough coercive tactics, he was not on that account a negligible quantity. The net result is harmony and respect between the President and the party leaders; a somewhat disillusioned country; and a new Tariff Act which, while thoroughly bad, would have been considerably worse but for Mr. Taft's intervention.

I have mentioned that in his Inaugural Address the President advocated an inheritance tax. The House adopted his recommendation, and included it among the provisions of its

Tariff Bill. In the Senate, however, it met with a rival in the form of a resolution in favor of an income tax. Believing an income tax to be unconstitutional, and realizing the objections to imposing a Federal inheritance tax on the top of the inheritance taxes already levied by the various States, Mr. Taft in the middle of July sent a Special Message to Congress containing two momentous proposals. The first was that both Houses of Congress should agree to adopt a resolution in favor of amending the Constitution so as to legalize the imposition of a Federal income tax, a resolution that would, of course, only become effective if ratified by three-fourths of the States; and the second was that the inheritance tax should be withdrawn, and a tax of 2 per cent. upon the profits of corporations substituted for it. Both these proposals were acted upon. The Senate and the House concurred in recommending the Constitutional amendment, and a tax of 1 per cent. on the net earnings of corporations was embodied in the Tariff Act. This, though only half the rate suggested by the President, is by far the most important provision in the new Act, and its easy passage is a tribute of no small significance to Mr. Taft's personality and tactics. I doubt whether Mr. Roosevelt, with his pistolling ways, could have got it through. Recommended by him, it would have somehow worn the aspect of an attack on capital, and all the vested interests in the land would have joined in defeating it. Recommended by Mr. Taft simply as a means of providing the necessary revenue for the Government, it was adopted by Congress, not, indeed, without some opposition and not without discussion, but with infinitely less of both than one might have expected. For if it is sustained by the Supreme Court—and I take it for granted that its legality will be swiftly challenged—

it will vest in the national Government quite unprecedented powers for investigating and controlling the Trusts, powers that will immensely exalt the rights of the Federal Government at the expense of the rights of the States, that will pave the way to a system of national incorporation of all the joint-stock companies that at present receive their charters from the States, and that will profoundly affect the American theory of government. To have inaugurated so vast a revolution with so little friction is unquestionably thus far the outstanding achievement of Mr. Taft's Administration.

The new President has done other useful things as well. He has formed, for instance, a Budget Committee of the Cabinet, and he has induced the Senate to establish a Permanent Committee on Public Expenditure. Hitherto there has been no machinery for bringing appropriations into proper relation, or indeed into any relation at all, with revenue. Each Executive Department has asked for what it pleased without reference to the needs or income of the Government as a whole; and Mr. Taft's reform will save the nation several millions a year. The President, again, has stimulated a new interest in foreign commerce. He insisted on China living up to her pledge to admit American capital in the construction of the Hankow Railway; he has appointed a special commissioner to investigate the trade possibilities of the Far East; he is increasing the consular corps in those regions; and the new American Minister at Peking will doubtless prove to be a business man rather than a diplomat. In South America also it is clear that Mr. Taft is meditating a commercial campaign, with ship subsidies as its foundation. During his recent tour through the country he outlined the policies which he will submit to Congress when it reassembles in December. Currency and

banking reform, the institution of postal savings banks, measures to extend and strengthen the supervision of the Government over the Trusts and railways, and the continued conservation of the national resources, all figure in his programme. There is a good prospect that this programme will very largely be carried out. Mr. Taft's prestige stands high. His popularity is undoubted, and the country is finding in him what it hoped to find—a President, that is, who will forward the Roosevelt policies with the minimum of fuss and of political and economic disturbance, but none the less doggedly and effectively. Some of the prosecutions against Trusts instituted by Mr.

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Roosevelt have been dropped by his successor. Some of his highly executive acts have been reversed. But there is no essential difference in the aims and spirit of the two men; the difference is one of manner and training merely; and if Wall Street is misled by Mr. Taft's moderation of speech and bearing into the belief that the days of McKinley and Hanna are about to re-visit the land, Wall Street will find itself prodigiously mistaken. Mr. Taft will talk less and in milder tones than Mr. Roosevelt, but he is likely to accomplish more, if by accomplishment is meant the translation of policies into laws.

Sydney Brooks.

THE CASE OF FRANCISCO FERRER: A CONFIDENTIAL FRIEND'S TESTIMONY.

From time to time the conscience of the civilized world is moved by some great clerical crime which rouses it from its indifference and torpor. It was so in the Calas case, and in the Dreyfus case; and now the recent trial of Ferrer has again roused this emotion in the hearts of men. Everyone knows the facts concerning Calas; whilst in regard to the Dreyfus case the events are of such recent date that no one has forgotten the passions roused by it. The case of Ferrer is on all-fours with the other two. The remarkable feature of these trials is the contempt displayed for all the forms of justice; the systematical refusal to the accused of all the means of defence; the production against the victim of forged documents, the discussion of which is not allowed; and, finally, the calumnies intended to deprive him of the support that is found in the sympathetic opinion of his contemporaries.

In the trial, or rather the semblance of a trial, that has just taken place at

Barcelona all these conditions were seen in combination.

Don Francisco Ferrer Guardia was the son of working people—a self-made man in every acceptance of the term, one of those children of Catalonia whose activity is always at the service of justice and truth. While still a young man he received his republican baptism amid those valiant Iberian populations so profoundly stirred by the events which occurred in Spain between the years 1868 and 1875. Don Manuel Ruiz Zorrilla, during the long conspiracy he conducted against the Alphonist Restoration—that is to say, from the time of the *pronunciamientos* of Pavia and of Martinez Campos till the day when he returned to his native land to die—had found in Ferrer a faithful and devoted servant. It is to this period that belong those revolutionary proclamations which Ferrer had apparently drawn up, and which, in any case, are nothing but the manifestations of the exuberant enthusiasm

of his youthful ideas. These proclamations were, however, brought up against him at his trial, and treated as proofs of his guilt, as though it were not opposed to all the rules of morality to allege as grounds of complaint against a man of fifty the immature thoughts of his twentieth year. Even if a man had committed a crime at twenty years of age, and had escaped detection, his crime would have been covered by prescription if no prosecution had occurred within the lapse of ten years since its perpetration. Even a criminal who had been tried and condemned and had evaded punishment would not be disturbed after the lapse of twenty years. Nor, indeed, would the laws of any civilized land invest the government with power to use ancient facts against a prisoner brought up for trial on a new charge; and yet, in this case, where there had been no previous prosecution and no conviction of crime, but only the bare expression of personal opinion, the Spanish Government is to be allowed to rake up what a man thus said or wrote thirty years before, in order to deduce therefrom damning conclusions respecting his present conduct!

In a land where, during several consecutive centuries, the Inquisition placed human thought under interdict, it is conceivable that this method of procedure may find panegyrists. These age-long oppressions leave, indeed, in the minds of men traces too deep to be wiped out by the revolution of a day. It cannot be, however, that in this free England, so profoundly wedded to the impartial administration of justice, where the magistrate himself is the first to insist that the rights of an accused man must be respected, such a *procès de tendance* will receive the sanction of public acquiescence. Whatever a young man may have written in his twentieth year, his ideas are easily capable of modification in the course of

six lustres. In order to ascertain whether his thoughts of yesterday can furnish to the prosecution, I will not say proof, but a presumption of his participation in the crimes alleged against him to-day, the slightest regard for justice would indicate that inquiry should be made as to whether he still entertains the ideas he held so long ago. I say *presumption*, and not proof, because even an impenitent revolutionist, or even a terrorist, may very well be innocent of participation in a given insurrectionary movement or of a particular crime.

In the Ferrer case the question does not present itself in this guise, for ever since the days when he acted as the lieutenant of Don Zorilla, Ferrer's point of view had undergone profound modifications. The successive checks to all the Spanish conspiracies in which he had been involved, and his deeper study of the domestic quarrels which had ruined the Spanish Republic in 1873, had imparted a new direction to his political ideas. He had arrived at the conclusion that the employment of violence is useless; that, despite its apparent swiftness, it is the slowest method in the end. Without going to the lengths of accepting the doctrine of resignation, or adopting the passive resistance theory of Tolstol—he was far from that—he believed that the surest and quickest road to progress was that pacific way which consists in transforming by means of education the conceptions of one's contemporaries. With a view to securing the triumph of liberty and social justice—for he was an ardent socialist and free-thinker—he had formed the conception of a kind of *Kulturkampf* based on private initiative, analogous, albeit undertaken from a totally different point of view, to that which Bismarck had already put in operation against the Centre party in Germany.

I am better qualified than any other

man to speak of this evolution in the thought of Ferrer. Having myself formerly placed all the means at my disposal at the service of Ruiz Zorilla to assist him both in his attempts toward creating a republican revolution and to protect the Spanish refugees against the hardships to which they were subjected by Jules Ferry, I became, and have still remained during the last thirty years, the most intimate friend of the Spanish republicans. As Ferrer remained for many long years in sojourn in France, I was more closely acquainted with him than any of his compatriots, with the result that a personal affection of the warmest character was grafted upon our political friendship. Our relations became of the most fraternal character, so that for a long time I was the confidant and depository of his thoughts.

Now his ideas on certain points were quite different from my own. For instance, I do not believe that in countries like Russia or Spain—that is to say, in countries where national representation is a deception and where liberty is a snare—the transition from the old world to the new can be accomplished by pacific means. The possibility of progress by peace and education is a theory that can be defended, so far as England and France are concerned. But if the people of these two lands are free, we must not forget the efforts by which their liberties have been won. The turbulent records of 1648 and 1793 are not yet effaced from universal history; and these two epoch-marking dates, bloody and terrible, when the cradles of our English and French liberties were rocked by violent hands, have nothing analogous to them in the history of Spain. It would certainly seem that in order to uproot all the deadly prejudices which survive in Spain as the legacies of the Inquisition, progress through revolution is even more necessary in that unhappy land

than was the case in France and England. I am convinced that force placed at the service of right can alone overcome force placed at the service of iniquity. It was my broaching of this theory of mine which enabled me to discover the idea of Ferrer, in the course of the numerous controversies which were waged between us owing to the divergence of our views on this point. I communicated this crucial fact to his noble defender, Captain Francisco Gacerañ, who, it appears, was never allowed to read my letter any more than the others that were received from England and France in exculpation of his client. When I maintained against Ferrer my theory, justifying the winning of political rights by violence, Ferrer used to reply to me with the utmost calmness: "Time only respects those institutions which time itself has played its part in building up. That which violence wins for us to-day, another act of violence may wrest from us to-morrow. Those stages of progress are alone endurable which have rooted themselves in the mind and conscience of mankind before receiving the final sanction of legislation. The only means of realizing what is good is to teach it by education and propagate it by example."

And my noble friend never yielded an iota in holding these ideas. Every day they were rooted deeper and deeper in his mind. Every day he was alienated more and more from the idea of revolutionary action, confining himself more completely than ever to the work of the Escuela Moderna, and to the publishing house which he had founded at Barcelona in order to place at the disposal of the new teaching the books which seemed to him indispensable to the carrying out of his idea. I confess that the success attained by his school, on the model of which other similar schools were created in every part of the peninsula (ninety-four of

these schools were recently closed by one edict!) furnished an argument well calculated to strengthen his belief in the soundness of his doctrine. Sometimes, indeed, my faith in my own theory was shaken in presence of these facts. But I knew the meaning of all that the hate of the monks implied, and I trembled at the thought of what the priests were capable of attempting against the *Escuela Moderna* and against its founder, as soon as they felt that their position was really menaced.

The events which followed the crime of the Calle Mayor at the time of the marriage of the young King entirely justified my fears. The bomb flung by Morral provided the propitious occasion, and the chance of turning the event to account was not missed. At the time the crime was perpetrated at Madrid, Ferrer was at Barcelona, and was so little apprehensive of danger that, instead of seeking shelter in flight, he went, on his own initiative, to give information to the judicial authorities concerning Morral. As a matter of fact Ferrer had no knowledge of Morral except in the latter's capacity as translator for the publishing house of the *Escuela Moderna*. Morral had never confided his projects to Ferrer, but that was of no consequence. Ferrer had known him, had given him work. It was clear that Ferrer was his accomplice. Without any more ado my friend was transferred to the Carcel Modelo of Madrid on the charge of attempted murder. His property was sequestered and he was kept in prison, though they were unable to adduce the slightest proof of criminality against him. The conscience of Europe, however, was stirred. It was soon recognized that what Ferrer had really attempted to destroy was not the lives of the King and Queen of Spain, but the dominating power of the Church. It was clearly perceived that the question at issue was the existence

of free thought, and that an endeavor was being made to crush its development. The result was that the whole civilized world was moved to resentment; Rome, London, Paris, Brussels, the Spanish Republics of South America protested, and, to borrow an expression which Victor Hugo applied to Napoleon the Third, "*Les bourreaux eurent peur, ne pouvant avoir honte.*" Ferrer was acquitted. The monks and the priests had lost the trick.

Now, it would be to display entire ignorance of the spirit of these men to believe that they could be capable of bowing before facts or of accepting their defeat. The insurrection at Barcelona gave them the eagerly awaited opportunity, and they seized it as they had seized the first. This time the victim would not be able to escape. They would put him forward as the promoter and organizer of the wholly spontaneous movement which arose at Barcelona, a movement which no one was capable of preparing, because no one was capable of anticipating the events by which the insurrection was to be engendered. The patient and pacific educator was accordingly transformed, by way of meeting the necessities of the prosecution, into a builder of barricades, an incendiary of convents and churches, and, travestied in this fashion, no one, it was thought, would be willing to speak a word in his defence. At the time of the attempt by Morral they had closed the *Escuela Moderna* at Barcelona. This time they would close all the schools that had been created on the lines of that institution, and they would shoot the promoter of this admirable pedagogic movement. Ferrer being dead, and free thought expelled from all the schools of the peninsula, the Jesuits would be able to sleep with tranquillity for a lengthy period. Happily the Jesuits have been deceived; they have not succeeded in flinging dust in the eyes of the nations.

The political executions that take place after civil war and the punishments meted out by the conquerors to the vanquished are and always have been odious. We can condemn them all the more freely, we who are French, because we had the experience of them in 1848 and 1871. We know that in times like these justice is banished and hatred and vengeance reign in its stead. Every free people knows this as well as we do. These massacres can obtain the sanction of approval only from the criminals by whom they are perpetrated. The judicial form which is lent to these proceedings increases rather than diminishes their criminality. We can understand summary executions in the moment of struggle, when the intense excitement of both sides makes reflection impossible, but it is difficult to comprehend on what grounds the successful combatants of to-day should be invested with the privilege of posing as the judges of their opponents of yesterday, in order to condemn them in cold blood. If the fortunes of war had turned against them and their conquerors had shot them, they would have protested, and with good reason. It is clear, therefore, that they, being victors, are in the wrong in doing that very thing which they would have stigmatized had they been marked as the victims. Despite their Christian professions they appear to forget that evangelical principle which prohibits us from doing to others what we would not that they should do unto us.

Even if the alleged participation of Ferrer in the Catalanian insurrection had been overwhelmingly proved, that fact would not have excused his summary execution by court-martial conducted under forms of law devoid of all the guarantees of ordinary civil justice. It must not be forgotten that the manifestations which have taken place have not been organized exclusively in favor of Ferrer. They have

been equally directed against the terrible repressions exercised by the Spanish Government of Señor Maura (now happily hurled from power) acting under the orders of the true masters of the situation, the descendants of the Inquisitors.

The case of Ferrer is still more disquieting since he never committed the crimes of which he is accused. In striking him down his enemies have struck down an innocent man. I am convinced of his innocence. Convinced, do I say? It is not merely conviction, it is certitude. I know he is innocent, for he kept no secrets from me. If he had prepared the revolutionary movement I should have been apprised of it. He would have confided his plans to me all the more readily because I should have approved his intentions. But he was far from that, he had done nothing of the kind. Even the revolutionists of Barcelona had no idea that any such movement was in preparation. The insurrectionary movement, like all others of the same kind, was the outcome of a profound excitement of public opinion acting under the influence of some unforeseen event. These, indeed, are the only risings in which the people ever succeed in becoming the masters of a town or in holding the authorities in check. Revolutionary movements which have been carefully engineered, as Barbès or Mazzini engineered theirs, or as Eudes prepared his in Paris in the early days of August 1870, never attain the proportions of a riot; they seldom develop into more than a scuffle with the authorities. The mere fact alone that the rising in Catalonia was so general proves its spontaneity. Is there anyone rash enough to think that it could have been organized in advance? Could anyone have foreseen the death of General Pintos at Monte Gurugú and the calling out of the Reservists, which in fact fired the powder? It is madness

to accuse Ferrer of this. There are certain mental attitudes so irreconcilably self-contradictory that the one point of view absolutely shuts out the other. It is clear, for example, that a revolutionary who stakes all his hopes on the result of an armed rising would not adopt a *modus operandi* the results of which can only be seen after a prolonged period of waiting. Such a man would not have founded the Escuela Moderna at Barcelona and consecrated his whole life to its development. Such a man would not have created a publishing house to continue the spread of rationalist teaching by means of literature. When, again, as a result of odious persecution his schools had been closed, he would not have placed himself, as Ferrer did, at the head of an "International League for the Rational Education of Children," with Haeckel as Vice-President, and have endowed this league with an organ, the review *L'école renouée*. A man who does these things has, by that fact alone, clearly demonstrated that if ever he had placed his hopes in violence this idea has now and for ever been renounced by him. Popular education, if left to work out results untrammelled by obscurantist Governments, such as that which darkened the horizon of Spain, would, no doubt, effect such a transformation in the mental character of a people that the necessary consequences would be a recasting of the national institutions. But this work of regeneration would require one or perhaps several generations and the man who, as a result, would expect a violent upheaval to occur at an early date would be the victim of a strange delusion.

On the other hand, the man who appeals to violent revolution does not spend his time and money in the founding of schools, the results of which will not be garnered except after a quarter of a century. The most

he will do is to establish political newspapers from whose work he will expect to reap a more or less immediate result. Moreover, why should such a man organize schools? If his revolution succeeds, his schools will be useless, since at that moment public initiative will be substituted for private initiative, and with infinitely greater power for good. On the other hand, if the revolution should fail, the schools will be destroyed by the reactionary forces before they have had time to produce any effect. In this manner money will be frittered away that might have been more usefully spent in the purchase of rifles or other weapons.

Now, as soon as Dame Fortune had smiled upon Ferrer he lavishly expended his income, and even his capital, not in buying arms or explosives, but in conducting that scholastic work to which he was devotedly attached and to which he had wholly consecrated his life.

In the eyes of every man of honesty and commonsense there is a radical antagonism between, on the one hand, the activity which is placed at the service of the schools, or used in the formation of a publishing house, or for the formation of a league for the education of the young and the founding of pedagogic reviews (I speak in the plural because the *L'école renouée* appeared in several languages) and, on the other, the declaration of the military judges at Barcelona, who fixed upon Ferrer the charge of preparing and directing the events which, in July last, flooded the streets of Barcelona with blood. The fact that Ferrer could take the first of these courses proved the impossibility of his taking the second. The one attitude absolutely excludes the other.

This negative proof is not the only one forthcoming. Men who are preparing for armed revolution in any country require, as much as possible, to be located in that country. When, in

1883, Ruiz Zorilla conspired, and Jules Ferry, in order to please the Spanish Government, had the weakness to launch against him a decree of expulsion, he sought refuge in London—on this English ground which has the honor of being unacquainted with measures of this kind. This banishment threw him into despair. London was too far from Spain; he was no longer able to correspond with his accomplices with sufficient rapidity.

Now, Zorilla was engaged in preparing a military pronunciamiento, and all he had to do was to correspond with a few of his chiefs. As for Ferrer, if he had prepared the Catalanian revolt he would have had a much wider field of operations, for it was no longer the question of a military rising but of a popular revolution. His distance from the scene of operations would, in these circumstances, have been more disastrous to him than it was to Zorilla.

Now, during his domicile in Paris, where he was living quite undisturbed—that is to say, at the time when he was free to go to the Spanish frontier, and had the right, even, of living in Spain—he went, on his own accord, to visit London, and stayed there from the 21st of April till the middle of June; in other words, a period of two months. He left London only when the illness of his sister-in-law and of his niece, as well as the need of supervising his publishing business, necessitated his presence in Catalonia. It was precisely during these months, so close to the time of the insurrection, that Ferrer would have felt the most urgent need to return to Spain. His presence in London instead of his own native land would have augmented, in great measure, the difficulties of organizing insurrection. Despite this, he stayed in London without being under any necessity to remove himself from the scene of future operations. The theory of his accusers is inadmissible.

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On the other hand, this journey to England appears the most natural thing in the world when it is considered that Ferrer was engaged not in fomenting an insurrection but in promoting the interests of his league. This league being of an international character, he was necessarily obliged to visit the places where he desired to establish his various centres of action. In June, it is true, Ferrer, for the reasons mentioned above, returned to Spain, and his enemies have not scrupled to insinuate that the illness of his relatives was only a pretence. But his niece is dead, although his sister-in-law has recovered. Death is surely the last unchallengeable evidence of illness. I saw him in Paris on the eve of his return to Spain about the middle of June, but never thought, alas! that I was gazing upon his face for the last time. On that occasion he declared to me that his return would not be long delayed. In July, on the very eve of the events, he wrote to our common friend Stackelberg, then at Nice and about to return to Paris, stating that he (Ferrer) would precede him there. On the 7th of that month he wrote to me from the little village of Mongat, where he was staying, to communicate to me the death of his niece and the improvement in the condition of his sister-in-law. He told me of the difficulties he and his wife had experienced in getting a maid at Mongat, where the curé had placed his house under interdict, and added: "I must tell you of the comical surveillance of the authorities of Barcelona, who send two gendarmes every day to watch my comings and goings, and of the police officers who wait for me at the station and dog my footsteps wherever I go. I do not attach any importance to that, accustomed as I am to it since my trial at Madrid, and engrossed as I am in the organization of my publishing business." This is scarcely the lan-

guage of a revolutionary who is on the eve of fighting a great battle.

The following fact is even more significant. A friend of Ferrer had begged him to take advantage of his presence in the Catalonian capital in order to ascertain for him the value of the shares of the "*Société d'Electricité de Barcelona*," and to communicate the results of his inquiries. In a postcard dated the 26th of July, which only reached its destination on the 29th, Ferrer apologized for the time he had taken to reply to his friend's communication, and as the 26th of July was the opening day of the insurrectionary movement he spoke as an eyewitness of the heroism of the women, of "the want of all definite direction or purpose on the part of the people, and also of the total eclipse of the leaders." This statement is, to say the least, singular on the hypothesis that *he* was the leader and that the work of organization was his. No, the truth is that he knew nothing of the recent events, that he was enveloped by them in the course of a journey undertaken for a totally different purpose, and that the clerical Camarilla were determined to utilize the occasion. They seized the coveted opportunity to take revenge for the check received at Madrid, and to rid themselves of an enemy all the more redoubtable inasmuch as he had fought his battle on legal grounds and was approved and admired by the whole of Europe.

In order to kill two birds with the one stone they tried to befoul his honored name by pretending that he was a gambler on the Bourse, and that he provoked the massacres with the vile and cruel intention of enriching himself. We in France have long been accustomed to these dishonorable tricks of the reactionaries. These devices succeeded in 1848 as well as in 1870, but all the world knows about them to-day, and is aware that legends of

this type only serve to dishonor their authors. As stated with splendid breadth of view by his advocate, Francisco Galcerán, before the Council of War, if these allegations had not been false the prosecution would have produced in evidence the accounts of the stockbrokers concerned, instead of confining itself to insinuations.

It may be objected, in reference to all these arguments, that the facts I have adduced are simply presumptions of innocence and not proofs or it. I accept this criticism, but must point out that there are presumptions which are so powerful as to be almost equivalent to material proofs, and this is the case with the presumptions in Ferrer's case. Be this as it may, I would feel more inclined to yield to this criticism if the prosecution had furnished material proofs; but none were produced. The prosecution confined itself to bringing up pretended presumptions entirely void of value. I have already expressed my view as to the resort to writings of twenty or thirty years ago, which are only interesting for the proof they afford of the evolution which had occurred since that period in the mind of the founder of the *Escuela Moderna*.

The prosecution, however, went a step farther. It seemed to recognize the danger attending the admission of documents of this nature, especially in view of the fact that these had not prevented the triumphant acquittal of Ferrer at Madrid. To use them again without the support of something of more recent date and of more decisive character would be to stab the conscience of the civilized world. These proofs had to be found. The proofs adduced were the proclamations which seem to have been "found" at Ferrer's house. What are we to think of them? Let me quote the words of his brave defender: "These proclamations were discovered in the course of a search conducted by the police at Mas Ger-

minal, without the presence of anyone who could be relied upon to furnish a guarantee of the genuineness of the discovery. On no other occasion were the searchers rewarded by any results. These proclamations, of which my client denies the authorship, are full of such colossal errors that the mere sight of them would suffice to prove that they were issued anterior to the latest events and were written at another period and for quite another object." Captain Francisco Galcerán goes on to remark that, even if the said proclamations had been composed by his client, the fact of his having written them and of his having put them away in a file of papers, and leaving them afterwards unpublished to the world, cannot constitute a crime. The crime, if crime indeed there was, would solely have been that committed by the Conservative journals that spread the document broadcast by thousands of copies, without permission of the pretended author and in spite of the magisterial secrecy attaching in Spain to documents discovered in the course of magisterial investigations.

These proclamations, found during a search conducted under suspicious circumstances, while nothing was discovered as a result of the searches carried out in the regular formal way, formed the basis of the prosecution. One of these proclamations was typewritten, but had two corrections in writing. The first of these concerned the abbreviation "Vd" and the other the letter "t." The experts declared that this abbreviation and this letter *might have* been in the writing of Ferrer; more cautious than the experts in the Zola case, they confined themselves to an affirmation of probability. Even if they had been emphatic in their affirmations, their declaration would not impair my view of the matter. For since the Dreyfus affair honest men have passed their judgment on the

science of the expert in handwriting. It is disgraceful that reports drawn up in the name of this pretended science should still be regarded as judicial evidence. In the Ferrer case, it would seem that the experts felt some sort of diffidence, but that did not affect the issue. They could not say that it was impossible for the letters "Vd" and the letter "t" to have been written by Ferrer. That sufficed; for the court-martial, doubt is equivalent to affirmation. Therefore, the handwriting was that of Ferrer even as the famous *bordereau* of Esterhazy was in the writing of Dreyfus!

As regards witnesses, there were none excepting those who were carefully "nursed" by the *juge d'instruction*. Even these witnesses, such as they were, were not permitted to give their testimony in presence of the prisoner. His advocate was not even allowed to read the letters which he had received from a number of Ferrer's friends abroad. The prosecution even went the length of denying to the defence the right to consult and produce the books published by Ferrer, so that it might be impossible for the advocate to refute the statement that Ferrer had published only anarchist books. The work of the defence was thus hampered in every conceivable manner. Yet people call the result a conviction!

It is not enough to say that a particular procedure is legal in order to consider it legitimate. When a procedure, however legal it may be, inflicts an injury to civilization, it becomes a disgrace to the legislation of which it forms a part, and to the nation that tolerates it.

At the moment when I was writing the foregoing lines I was interrupted in my task by the fatal news. Ferrer has been shot. This great citizen, this great educationist, this good and noble man, no longer lives. He died in-

nocent of the crimes imputed to him; he died without being allowed to defend himself, without any opportunity of sifting the charges or examining the witnesses brought up against him.

I do not weep for him: we are all under sentence of death from the moment of our birth, and to die, like Ferrer, sacrificed for the most exalted sentiments of humanity is to escape death in order to enter into immortality. Ferrer will live for ever enshrined in history like all those who have fallen

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for the enfranchisement of human thought—the men like Giordano Bruno, Etienne Dolet, John Huss, and all the martyrs of the Inquisition of which he is the last in order of date, but not in glory. Victor Hugo has said:

L'échafaud, c'est le lieu du triomphe sinistre—

*Le piédestal dressé sur le noir cabanon,
Qui fait tomber la tête et fait surgir le nom—*

and it is true.

Alfred Naquet.

(Ancien Sénateur de France).

AS IT HAPPENED.

BOOK III.

THE CHANCES OF TOWN.

CHAPTER IV.

TUESDAY AT THE WAR OFFICE. MAJOR TIGHE FISHES WITH LIVE BAIT.

The doors of the anteroom would not be opened for half an hour. Tighe and his young bride sauntered in the Park, killing time, and presently came to an anchor upon a seat, nor felt chilly; for although it was but the second week of the New Year, the air was extraordinarily mild, a fall of snow in November having been followed by the greenest Christmas that ever fattened English churchyards. The weatherwise predicted a genial winter; within a week they were to see the insetting of an arctic three months.

Sue was ill at ease; the poor girl was overdressed—her husband's doing: it needed all her grace and beauty to carry off the knots of riband of his choosing. Her timid protests had been overruled. She knew not why, upon this day of all days, instead of leaving her to await his return in their dull city lodging, he had dizened her thus and carried her west with him. Their sight-seeings were over, and the first brightness of her pleasure in him, and of his in her. He had grown harsh

within these last few days, and she had learned to tremble at his home-comings. She guessed that things were going ill: she knew from chance-dropped words that his memorial remained unanswered, and that his attempts to secure an interview had failed. So much was divined: her master permitted no questions.

He sate beside her upon the Park-seat moody and silent, caressing his chin with the knob of his cane, watching the thin stream of foot-passengers tempted abroad by the unseasonable warmth and mellow beauty of the afternoon.

Fashionable London was out of town, but the times were anxious, and men who had reasons for wishing to know how matters were going, lingered up, or paid flying visits to the capital. Versailles was moving at last. At the War Office in time of war there was always something to be imparted, learnt, or picked up by a King's friend, or one of his dependants, and something to be hoped for by less fortunate mortals. The strollers in the Park were of various classes and ranks. Chief Clerks and Assistant Under-Secretaries walked

briskly and singly, or loitered two-by-two, enjoying the last of the delicate pale sunshine, postponing their work until candle-lighting time, whilst their juniors within-doors fenced with rulers and betted upon forthcoming cock-fights.

There were beggars too, but only privileged ones—old soldiers, friends of the Park keepers; a cast-off black servant with a cough might shiver dumbly to death upon a bourne-stone unrelieved. The sight met your eye a dozen times in a day during winter. It shocked countrymen new to London; the Cockney was used to it. Our ancestors were hard of heart.

"Bedad, we've wastud a crown's-worth of fal-lals, me gyur'l, and, what's worse, another day," grumbled the Major. Sue, about to reply with some hopeful counsel, bit her lip and shook down her veil beneath the too-pointed notice of a passing grandee. The gentleman, handsomely dressed in a claret-colored coat, white tie-wig and laced hat, was dawdling by, his gloved fingers within the arm of a taller and more plainly attired man in bottle green. The two strutted and swung their full-skirted coats, peacocking in the mode of their day and order; both wore swords. Claret Coat was well in advance of the fashion; a clouded cane, gold-headed, dangled by a silken tassel from a ruffled wrist; the hand toyed with a tortoise-shell quizzing-glass ready for use. The two passed and repassed, deep in talk, and once paused for a minute, still chatting, with their backs to the bench occupied by Tighe and Sue.

"Dev'lish mild for the season, Jenky," remarked Claret Coat, ogling a passing woman.

Bottle Green shrugged slightly at the interruption; there was a note of asperity in his voice—"as ravelled a skein as ever a fellow was asked to set finger to—"

"Accept it as a compliment, man. He didn't send for me."

"He knew ye better, March; ye wouldn't have touched the business with that stick. Germaine has ruined our affairs in America. On the strength of his services, as I must suppose—"

"Minden?" inquired Claret Coat with malice, taking snuff.

"Ah, possibly; on the strength of his experiences in the field, shall we say? This nincompoop, with Barrington to help him, has amused himself with planning combined movements at the seat of war. I found my table-drawers full of miraculous strategy. Conceive, I beg you! Burgoyne was to advance upon Bennington, where he was bidden to expect Howe with supplies and reinforcements. Observe now (but ye are not attending!); Burgoyne marches, and as ye know, is cut up at Saratoga by that renegade Gates (an Englishman born: I swear it gives me the creeps), whilst Howe, who was planning *fêtes champêtres* in Philadelphia, never moves out of his lines. Why should he? he asks; and with reason. My predecessor had forgot to sign the despatch apprising him of his part in the affair. Worse, if possible, the fools had sent the powder intended for Philadelphia to New York, conceiving apparently that the towns lie as neighborly as London and Westminster. Now, what say ye to that? There's Germaine for you!"

"George is a man of pleasure," observed Claret Coat, as though he had mentioned a recognized profession, honorable, but incompatible with high office. "I am another. We do wrong to touch business. A person of condition should stick to his *métier*. A Man of Fashion now has abundant calls upon—" his eye wandered, he had caught sight of Sue again, and was fixing her through his glass with an insolent intentness. The girl wondered at

her husband's complaisance, and still more, when, as the two personages moved away, she caught the remark, "A pretty face, that, begad!—too fine a woman altogether for a copper-headed Irishman, eh, Jenky? . . . tell ye what, . . . even hundred . . . kisses me within . . . week." The men were moving, the voice faded.

"Oh, Con, come away," she whispered, shaken with anger, but found this often impatient husband of hers unexpectedly cool.

"Be still, ye small fool!" he murmured excitedly, his eyes a-glitter. "'Tis the Lord Mar'rch (His Grace the Duke o' Queensberry, that is now), and 'tother will be Mister Jenkinson, or I'm mistaken—Mister Secretary Jenkinson, begorrah, the man of all min that I'm thirsting dumbly to have spache with. Oh, the Duke and Jenkinson! the Duke or Jenkinson! both, or ayther! Mother of Jasus! in pity sind me folve little, swate, privut minutes with wan or the other of thim!"

"But, Con, dear, ye did not hear what the wretch said? What could he mean?"

"Whisht! be aisy, me dear! 'Tis a man that cud make both our fortunes by a cock of his hat. 'Tis Mar'rch, me Lor'd Mar'rch, I'm tellin' ye, the King's frind; and the other, the man in green, is the King's War Minister himself!"

"Oh, Con, ye don't say so?" exclaimed Sue, her indignation forgot in her zeal for her husband's advancement. "Run after him, dear!"

"In-throduce mesliff, is ut? Faith, madam, ye're wake in the science of diplomacy."

"But, try! Why not try? Anything is better than siting here and seeing the world go by us, and we growing poorer. If I were a man I would do—something!"

"Ye would, would ye?" replied Tighe, rolling in his seat. "Madam, I take ye

at yer wor'rd. Yer husband is in throuble up to his withers: so much ye do know; and, 'pon me sowl, I belave 'ts yerself must pull me out. 'Fwhat wud ye do for yer husband?"

"Anything, sir! *any-thing!* Try me!" She sprang to her feet.

"Done wld ye! I acsept. Ye shall take this cover," he took it from his pocket (ready written and sealed, Oh, Tighe, Tighe!)—"This letter, I'm sayin,' to the Right Honorable Mr. Jenkinson, the King's new Secretary at War, and ye shall exur't yer powers of per-sueesion upon the man to injuce him to give yer husband employmint. D'ye see?"

"Oh, Con, how could I?—alone? Would it not be improper?"

"There ye go!" Tighe laughed savagely. "Improper? for a married leedy to address a gintleman upon her husband's business, and with his consint? and in a public offus? Faith, 'tis I'm the fool for taking ye seriously. Ye're just a toy—an incumbrance.

"I will go, sir," said Sue humbly, biting a trembling lip. "Indeed, I will do my best, sir; but it seems somehow . . . Oh, Con, I am so young; do ye—are ye sure ye wish it?"

"Wish ut? Indade I do that! Who's afraid? Will the man be ating ye? think ye, that—"

"Good-bye, sir; wish me well."

"All the luck in the wor'rd go with ye, me heart! Remimber 'tis for yer husband, for *me*, that ye're fighting. An' don't be lookin' me in the face impty-handud! I'll await ye at the Par'rk gates; they'll be shuttin' this place for the night prisintly, I'm thinkin'."

Sue tripped away, her little heart beating courageously, strung to the proper pitch of responsibility. Fail she would not; she would win him back to her; warm his cooling affection by her success in his cause. She got her lesson by rote as she went; 'twas

for Mr. Jenkinson's ear and for none other's; neither Under-Secretary nor Chief Clerk would she waste words upon. A personal interview was her demand, upon the most urgent private business.

Her husband, biting his thumb-nail in keen suspense, watched her fade into the throng setting now towards the gates. He got a momentary impression, but of this he was not sure, of a claret coat moving in the same direction. Right or wrong, both figures were lost next moment in the falling dusk.

The anteroom was packed, every seat occupied, and the best of its floor-space filled when Sue gained the door. She returned to the corridor and made her petition to a passing official, only to be redirected to the room which she had just left. The lady timidly represented, the man shrugged, and would have passed on, but for the increasing pressure of the crowd. He withdrew his attention, his eyes roved, were looking vacantly over her head; suddenly they creased at the angles and filled with obsequious intelligence in response to recognition from some personage in the press. There was a light semitone, a low reply. "Yes, your lordship! certainly, your Grace!"

"Permit me, good people!" At a new voice with the unmistakable note of authority the pressure relaxed, a key turned, a hinged panel opened, and some one behind Sue passed within.

"You may follow, madam," whispered the janitor, directing the hesitating girl with his hand. The door closed behind her, she was for a moment in darkness, another panel admitted her to a twilit corridor, a latch clicked, a door upon the opposite side of the gangway opened, a *portière* shook, some one was addressing her.

"You wish to see Mr. Jenkinson, madam? Gad! 'tis fortunate, for ye have no appointment, I think. I am

the gentleman ye seek. Permit me to precede ye." The speaker was holding the *portière* aside for her; she stooped beneath his arm, and found herself in a lofty but narrow room, barely furnished and inadequately lit by a pair of wax candles in a sconce above a table, supporting a standish, carafe, and tumbler. The curtain had fallen behind her again; the latch gave a double click, due, as she later believed, to the shooting of a bolt.

Slightly nervous and strange to her surroundings, she turned and searched the room with her eyes; it was empty save for the minister who was advancing from the door into the ring of light cast by the sconce. Sue started, for here was the gentleman who had quizzed her in the Park. She had forgotten his name, but Con had not called him Jenkinson: but Con must have been mistaken, or she had mistaken Con. Here, at least, was the man whom her husband had commissioned her to see: she had achieved her first step with astonishing ease. Her courage rose: hope sprang within her. The gentleman approached bowing.

"Madam, Mr. Jenkinson appreciates this condensation. His poor room is seldom so graced. What service may he have the honor of rendering to so charming a visitor?"

He spoke with a sweet, deferential gravity altogether new to the girl, and whilst speaking had handed her to a chair beside the table, himself remaining standing, leaning lightly upon the board's edge, bending toward her and somewhat above her, his strongly-marked, individual countenance fixed intently upon hers. This proximity was a thought too near for her taste, but might be the mode among the great, thought Sue. The man's glittering eyes, as hard as agates, daunted her a little at first sight, but held hers, and when he spoke again it was so encouragingly and kindly, and withal so

softly, as almost to set her at her ease. How could she ever have thought him rude? (Within these weeks poor Sue had learned the existence of hyper-masculine terms and idioms permissible in the absence of women.)

She had plunged into her story—her husband's letter temporarily forgotten—a recital punctuated by her auditor's "La, nows," and "Fore Gad, madams." It was all for Con. She did not spare her praise; and at each encomium the minister murmured: "So, indeed? I'll be sworn he is!" Things were going admirably, thought Sue. In a trice she found her diffidence gone, she trembled a little, but more with hope than agitation. This extraordinary man, still listening intently, had drawn yet nearer to her, was absently, as it seemed, stroking the small gloved hand which lay upon the table's edge beside him. (Sue thought to withdraw it, but for some reason, or none, it did not seem easy; yet, with an effort, withdraw it she did.) The minister was promising the finest things; Con was a man of a thousand, a valuable public servant, an acquisition to the forces; he should certainly be reinstated, promoted in time, indeed. But there was something behind, something conditional about these professions, something reserved: the issue lay with herself, it seemed. She did not understand.

But Mr. Jenkinson was certainly most kind, too kind; almost fatherly. (Sue had never known a father.) The white wig conveyed a paternal impression.

He was very close indeed to her now, yet she had not noticed him move. She faltered beneath his close, unwinking scrutiny, but once and again he helped her out, suggesting words which she found herself adopting. Hitherto she had thought of her cause, of Con, now, and against her will, she began to think of Mr. Jenkinson. He was undersized and not regularly handsome;

his countenance was too lean, too aquiline, too imperious, too deeply marked. The eyes were dominant, but the smile, when it came, was vivid and winning. His carriage had all the dignity and repose native to an assured position. He was high-bred to the polished nails of those long white hands.

There certainly was no keeping eyes off him. Sue found herself staring, and blushed, yet could not withdraw her gaze. Presently she was aware of the incipience of an over-wise, masculine simper deforming the corners of that thin, hard mouth, a smile which never reached the eyes—eyes which seemed probing deeper and still deeper, through and behind her own, until they reached the back of her head. And then, all suddenly, as it seemed to her afterward, she was caught, taken, as the small fluttering bird is lured by the twig to which it has trusted. With palsied will she sate listening, acquiescent, all of her, save some deep-seated inner sense of rectitude which whispered its obstinate protest.

What knew she of the awful occult power of the human will? What do we know to-day? Substantially the question remains at the point at which Braid left it, his experiments verified but unexplained, possibly inexplicable.

In Sue's time this cult was still, as it has been from the dawn of human history, the stock-in-trade of witch-doctor and exorcist. Armed with its secret terrors, many a slave—for his little hour—has ruled a king. Periodically it has raged like a pestilence in high places, until plain blunt manhood, determined and ruthless, has extirpated the pest by horrid punishment. Then for centuries the thing has been driven under, forgotten, ignored, derided perhaps, or repudiated altogether.

The gipsy brought it back to us from the East. An Oxford scholar gave his life to learn it, says Glanvil; he never came back.

All down the ages one discerns a few dangerously gifted personalities who discovered unnamed powers in themselves and wrought dangerously, darkling, abusing their opportunities and usually making grim enough endings.

Under the Georges this by-path from the Tree of Knowledge no longer led to the stake. Its very existence was denied by that Sadducee among the centuries, the eighteenth, and the initiated few were at liberty to practise at leisure, and in security, arts which the Man of Sense held to be absurd, non-existent, and impossible.

No conceivable attitude upon the part of his dupes could have better pleased their master. Did a youth lose his inheritance at White's, or a lady her honor at Vauxhall, their protestations of having been "overlooked" were received with contemptuous shrugs. We, of a less dogmatic age, who, with an eye to the next discovery, decline to ridicule what we fail to understand, may have our suspicions, as had some of his contemporaries, of that scorer of impossible points in so many games, my Lord March.

It was an age when men, and women too, betted upon everything which could run or fight; when men, and their women also, gamed as they have begun to game again to-day; when fortunes were lost, and ancient estates exchanged hands upon the turn of a card; when sons cajoled their mothers out of their jointures, or paid fancy usury upon post-obit bonds upon the lives of fathers not yet turned fifty; when hosts rooked their guests, and guests cheated their hosts; for there was much cheating, and in the highest circles, and the play of all who won consistently was jealously scrutinized. It was an age, too, of the loosest morals. The intentions of every man of fashion were doubted, and the movements of every marriageable girl hampered with precautions.

From the dead level of this morass, towering above the heads, not only of the common herd of gamesters and bucks, of the women who came to the quinze-table with pams in their pockets, and of the bullies who would cheat an Eton boy out of his allowance, or inveigle a school-miss from the apron-string of a bribed duenna; not over these alone, but over the heads, too, of the Righys and Stavordales, the Selwyns and the Sandwiches of graceless memories, arose two conspicuous eminences—the King, a lonely pinnacle of domestic virtue, and the Duke of Queensberry, the most symmetrical monument of vice that England has produced for centuries.

The man's "successes" were innumerable and notorious: they were as bizarre as were his coups at play. It was as useless to warn a woman as to watch a card when "Q" was interested in either. He willed, they came to him. He willed, and the eyes of the most experienced, the most suspicious opponent were holden. He won, he was always winning; he won year in, year out, watched, suspected, but never caught.

With his sovereign he did as he chose. The men might have been supposed to be antipathetic, to have had not a taste in common; but the most vicious rake in his kingdom was Lord of the Royal Bedchamber for twenty-eight years under eleven prime ministers, influencing, by means at which we can shrewdly guess, the infected mind of a doomed king to see in him the one man necessary for the well-being of his household and the stability of his throne,* who was accordingly loaded with the fattest sinecures in the Royal gift.

Such was the man who, in the maturity of his powers, in the seclusion of a half-lit room, was concentrating his every faculty to subjugate the benumbed will of an innocent girl one third his age.

To what end?—Sheer mischief belike: or shall one say 'twas the itch of an amateur to practise his art and put his power to the test? So will your well-fed cat toy with and tease to the death the little red field-mouse which she cannot eat.

There is an ennui that drives men to seek satisfaction in a feverish repetition of what has already bored them to the verge of disgust. There is a pride so insolent that it fires at the faintest hint of opposition; a self-love so unappeasable that it must play the tyrant to a passing stranger upon the most trivial occasion; which finds no antagonist too puny, or loath, no offence too petty, inadvertent, or excusable. The Duke was weary and proud.

"Did it drop its veil at me, then?" he asked, with a Belial leer. "I have never stood that from a woman, and never will. Ye must know, madam, that the Douglas never remits. I am waited for elsewhere, and can waste but a minute upon ye, but, punished ye shall be, and your penance shall be—to kiss me! (Gad! what lips, and what a cheek!) Ay, ye sall pree ma mou, dearie—as we say on Tweed."

Still panting rebelliously, painfully, still unable to rise or to change the posture of a limb or to release her eyes, Sue listened to her own voice, speaking as from the other side of a partition, and heard the minister's questions as through curtains. Had she her card? She found Con's letter in her hand. How it had come there she knew not: she had no sense of volition, nor had consciously searched for the cover.

"Ye place this in my hands, you do. Say so again, please." The minister, bending low over her, his breath playing upon her passive face, took the memorial without a glance at its superscription. In the transference his fingers touched hers again. She shivered. Oh, what was this numbing, controlling power? (What indeed, Sue? We are

still asking the question, and still the answer delays.) Was everything receding, lapsing, falling from her? Not everything. Deep within her some basal Personality subornly persisted, ceaselessly reiterating its "*Make haste to help me, oh God!*" (So weak women upon the rack have reiterated, unconquerably resolved, and died unconquered.)

Her face was marble, her eyes were set, but the man was conscious of a check, and knew himself defied. His temperament betrayed him. His voice, soft hitherto, if penetrating, grew harsh. 'Twas a blunder; one of those controlling cords snapped. With a supreme effort, with a wrench, with the concurrent spasms of her physical and moral nature in revolt, she uttered a muffled shriek, and flung up her gloved left hand (her right was still powerless) in some instinctive movement of repulsion or defence. It was caught; she strove to withdraw it; the unbuttoned glove slid; the ring, her wedding-ring, slid with it. Something awoke within her: with a shriller cry and a gush of tears she was her own woman again. The nightmare ceremonies slipped from her limbs, the mysterious bond parted: she leapt back. The minister retained the glove; the ring, bright and small, fell from its warm hollow and rolled upon the carpet between them.

"Pick—it—up—that ring, *that ring*. **THAT RING!** So! Now give it to me—to me! Ye must, **YE MUST!** Now *kiss me!*"

"*I—will—not!*" panted poor Sue valiantly.

The sorcerer crammed letter and glove into the pockets of a brocaded waistcoat, and stepping swiftly toward the girl, hung his jewelled hands before her eyes. The twinkling fingers dazzled her; a great diamond shot blue stabs of light, white, red and straw-color, white, red and—ah!—the Power

was overcoming her again, she clutched the ring, her ring, in her clammy palm as a talisman but again the circle of visible objects was contracting to a small yellow disc, in the midst of which were those baleful, unsmiling eyes. Now the fingers were still, but the voice was speaking again with an accent of confident authority.

The room was one of a series of apartments reserved for interviews with callers of distinction, to whom hours of attendance amid the crowd of inventors and place-hunters in the general anteroom would have proved irksome. Closets they were called, and were approached by a private stair and corridor, whilst communicating *en suite* by other doors in the waifscot.

This my lord duke had overlooked. A panel at the other end of the room swung inward, a voice was speaking softly. "The minister expects ye, sir. Will ye please to await him here?" Some one entered, the panel closed.

This would never do: his grace was prompt.

"You have been misdirected, sir; this room is engaged; be pleased to withdraw."

But the newcomer mutely held his ground. He was a slight, erect man, of a military bearing and alert intelligence, who was aware that he, at any rate, was in his right place.

But to the duke it was of the first necessity that this intruder should go instantly, and without demur, or the spell would snap again. Queensberry, least patient of men, spoke again, and with ill-curbed asperity: he could neither intermit his experiment nor declare his rank. Hampered thus, and unable to give his full attention to either, his concentration relaxed, his eye wandered. "Be d—d to ye, fellow. Go!"

At those strident accents the last strands parted; Sue was free. The yellow disc expanded, she saw the man

before her as he was—a shrill, gesticulating person with fiercely working features. She hated, detested, loathed him.

"No, *don't* go, please! Don't leave me here! Help, oh *help!*" she wailed, recolling from her enemy like a released spring, and turning towards the intruder.

"Silence, woman. I forbid ye to speak. Now, fellow, whoever ye are, go! D'ye hear me? 'Twill be the worse for ye!"

The intruder, keenly observant from the other end of the room, a blur against the dark panel, still made no reply. That he was vastly surprised at such a scene in a Government office goes without saying, but it would seem that here was a man over whom surprises and novel positions had not their customary paralysing effects. Possibly in other lands he had witnessed feats of eastern magic and will-control. Swiftly he made decision, swiftly acted; lightly passing without a word to the table, he secured the carafe, filled the tumbler and dashed its contents in the face of the thaumaturgist, remarking: "A fit, is it?—yes, plainly a fit. Be seated, sir, 'twill pass. Permit me. . . . Ah, a convulsionary, is he?"

His grace stepped back spluttering curses, rubbing the water from his eyes with his left cuff, and fumbling for the cane which dangled from his right. He found it and swung it aloft, but his antagonist, cooler, readier, and more adroit, had stepped within guard, and had him by both wrists, ay, and swung him over his knee and forced his shoulders down upon the table and held him pinioned.

A contemporary who knew his grace, has left it upon record that "Old Q. swore like ten thousand troopers." In the plentitude of his powers, and with such excuse, we may take it that he was not below his reputation. The room rang: the girl fled shrieking

around it, seeking exit, stopping her ears, but already supplied with a legion of expletives which would inhabit an unwilling memory during life, and cast up in her dreams.

"Hillo! What's all this? Who's here? Who are ye, madam? What make ye here? Begone to the devil! What! Is't you, March?" The minister himself, Mr. Secretary Jenkinson, was in the room, a cool, hard, laborious man who could decide and act, but who never quarrelled: this afternoon's episode was to test to its uttermost the pliancy and temper of his metal. Closing the door upon the flight of the girl, to avoid scandal, he forced himself between the struggling men.

"March!—Queensberry!—My Lord Duke, I say!—stop this uproar! Remember yourself, and me. Ye cannot fight here. Put up that sword."

With a wrench and a shudder the frantic little man got himself partially in hand, and stepped back, getting his breath and resetting his wig and ruffles.

"Painful disorders, fits, Mr. Jenkinson," chirruped Major Justin. "Another sip of water, sir? My lord, is it?" refilling the tumbler with a steady hand and offering it with a bow.

His grace took it with a hand that shook, smiling wanly, and held it to lips that twitched, his eye glittering above the rim of the glass. He was fighting himself—a losing battle. He dashed the tumbler from him—at Justin, indeed, whom it missed. The storm of shrill curses began again, again his weapon was out, and thrice he flung himself upon Jenkinson in futile efforts to break through to his enemy. The banked-up, smoky fire put out a long pale tongue of flame, which lit the dark end of the room and the frantic gestures of the duke with an infernal illumination.

"It points to blood-letting," observed Major Justin, critically observant of

the symptoms, his hands behind him, imperturbably addressing the minister.

"Insolent blackguard, ye shall fight me here—*now*! No, no, stand aside, Jenkinson. Ye mean well, I daresay, but I'll be crossed by no man alive. Don't touch me sir, or——"

"Absurd! Pardon me a moment, Major," said the minister, taking charge of the situation with a firmer hand, "Come, March." He linked his arm in the arm of the challenger and almost forcibly withdrew him to the hearth, whence Justin, despite himself, caught fragments of murmured counsel.

"Amazing behavior—insanity, I may surely call it. Exposure—ye don't fear? Oh, a King's friend may do anything in reason; but what if this gets round to George himself? My man, here, is commanded to the Presence, he meets me by appointment, we are due at the Privy Closet. Can I present the fellow with a hole in him? Or, what it would be more like to come to—your heart's blood on his weapon? (—noted swordsman—his trade, ye fool!) Come, March, reason, my friend, reason! And a word in your ear; we can't stand assignations in our rooms—not pass—appeal to your better self—friendship."

But the demon in possession was ill to exorcise; the madman, acquiescent for a moment, suddenly stiffened, withdrawing his arm and turning upon his heel. "Here, you—!" he cried.

Justin, dapper, grave, and wholly himself, was at the minister's side with suggestions.

"Still irresponsible? Tut, tut! Call in assistance? Could not prescribe or exhibit personally, but have been considered fair at phlebotomy. Lancet best, of course, but unnecessary in emergencies. Have sometimes used the point," touching his side-arm. "Should be pleased to operate now, or—later."

Mysterious is the power of the voice! Who knows not a certain pitch that catches the breath short at the tonsils and sends the blood bumping to the head? Or that other tone which, before the close of a third sentence, exasperates the nerves, not to anger, but to an intolerable weariness, so that one is fain to arise and flee? Other tones we know, buoyant, birdlike, golden, ineffable, which draw especial trains to town from distant centres, keep men standing *en queue* in the slush and are worth untold guineas per minute.

Justin's voice was sedative. The delicately veiled acceptance of consequences with which he had concluded was so cleanly non-provocative as to act as a cold sponge upon the nape of his already cooling adversary. My lord duke, somewhat late, and rather inadequately, recognized a novel force. This friend of Jenkinson's, this small, precise fire-eater, must be the self-made man, the ex-gentleman volunteer, the latest sensation from the East, of whom the drawing-rooms were buzzing, the louder that the fellow declined nine-tenths of his invitations. This surely would be the prodigy from the India House, in whom, amid the general wreck of existing military reputations, some descried a second Wolfe, or Clive.

No; this was not a man to be pistoled or pinked with impunity. Nor was this, perhaps, an especially good cause of quarrel. My lord did not want for ability; he was an extraordinarily able man indeed, who deliberately misused his parts. He found himself.

"I thank you, sir. I am already better . . . myself again, in fact . . . I conceive that I owe ye——"

Justin bowed, but Jenkinson, already drawing freer breath, broke in hastily and loudly, talking fast, anything that came. Leading his man from the room, he closed and locked the door they passed. His rattle dropped to a

whisper. "No excuses—I saw what I saw. 'Tis his way,—inexplicable! The sex is wax in his hands. I anticipate it will end in trouble some day. But in my private closets!—monstrous. I'll not have it. An abuse of the *entrée*. Ye acted with extraordinary tact, sir; I commend you, envy your nerve. Wish I could congratulate you, but that would not be honest. March—the duke, I mean, never pardons opposition to his whims. The man has a train of bullies at his beck—half-pays: ye know the sort. I am bound to warn ye; I will do what I may. Did he catch your name, I wonder?"

"I will do myself the honor of leaving my card at his grace's door," said Justin with quiet decision (and he did). But the minister cried out upon such a *bêtise*. "Don't dream for an instant that he would meet ye—in person, that is. I doubt if he would go out with *me*. Oh, brave enough; he has given his proofs, I believe; but, how put it?—he values himself—not our clay, ye understand. Let me get you out of the country, sir. Why not apply for one of our new regiments?—yes, presently, when I give ye the signal. I know his Majesty's little ways. The corps fill slowly, I own, but we might draft to hasten matters, and I really think I could promise ye the second on the roster. What say ye? 'Private affairs?'" The great man shrugged slightly at so fine an offer refused, it untied his hands; scores of well-backed men awaited his nod, would leap at the chance. "Well, well, ye shall at least give me your word, sir, to come to me if this affair involves ye in trouble."

Yes, upon the whole it would be well to keep in touch with this self-contained, unimaginative, politely inflexible piece of soldierhood, a fellow who for twenty years had been taking his risks with quiet efficiency and simple courage which made his finest work seem commonplace to the gallery and

to himself—a man who had never dressed a report, who had never heard of Don Quixote, and who would have been deeply and silently offended at being likened to a knight-errant.

Justin, no fool, was aware of the value of the offer which he had waived; he bowed low and repeatedly. Now that the scene was over, and well over, he was surprised to find his cheek-bones warm. It was a dozen years since he had been so near to saying the word and doing the thing which, under the pagan ethic of the day, only blood could expiate.

But for once his grace (who had inherited the duchy in the preceding August, and was still "March" to his old friends) was better than his reputation. Left to his own reflections, he had sworn himself black in the face in frenzies of profanity, broken his cane, and burned his wig, and, then—or thus—as is the way with the passionate, had found relief; so paradoxical are the processes of psychology. When, an hour or two later, at his dressing-table, his valet showed him a letter and a glove discovered in the pockets of his master's walking suit, his grace was pleased to chuckle. Nay, he broke seal, and ran a careless eye over the humble and loyal memorial of Cornelius Boyle, late major of the 41st Foot, reciting his services and praying His Majesty's Honorable Secretary at War for employment in His Majesty's forces.

Having read, the duke sipped his chocolate and fell to using his toothpick. This Boyle he supposed to be the doughty little fellow who had handled him, husband of the woman possibly; he recalled something about a ring, much else was hazy (he had certainly let himself go); and presently, having cursed himself thrice for a fool and a ninny, knowing himself to be neither, fell a-musing. "The woman fought well—never knew one fight better; yet

I had her beaten when the husband came on the scene. After that, begad! 'twas a case for Monsieur Mesmer himself, and his electric fluid. I must ask him what was the right practice; 'twas beyond me. But for this cursed war I'd start for Paris to-morrow. Still, I bear 'em no malice. Here's for doing a good turn to 'em—the first man and the first woman who ever stood up to me!" He pursed thin lips and, nodding, clapped his hands, and caught his valet's eye, pointing to a Sèvres standish, and taking quill, scrawled across the memorial, "*Dear Jenky, oblige my friend, and you'll oblige Yours, Q.*"

"Let that go to the War Office." He fell to pondering again. "He'll accept it as the *amende*. Your new placeman is easily appeased."

"He is, indeed, your grace," murmured the servant automatically, without understanding a word, his mind at work upon the missing wig, a lost perquisite.

Poor little Sue had fled from the building in a passion of tears, the mortifications of failure forgotten in the stress of a shocking experience and unendurable insults. She reached the Park gates just as they were closing. Her husband was awaiting her, her face told him all that he cared to know—she had failed. The brutality of his snarl came near to provoking her to resentment.

"Oh, Con, ye shouldn't have sent me. Those wicked, bad, detestable men! Oh, that wretch in the purple coat!"

"Me lor'd juke? Ye saw him? Ye had spache wid him? Ye giv' him me letter? What said the man to ut? Quick!"

"Your—letter? Oh!" she stood exploring; she had forgotten what she had done with it during those moments of tranced subjection.

"My letter madam!—yes, just that. For what did I send ye to him—to

make love to him? *Where's your ring?*"

In the confusion of her flight the poor child had not replaced it. She dived in her pocket again, found, and timidly set it upon her finger whilst plunging into a roundabout, breathless recital of her adventure.

Her husband listened grimly with shot-out under lip, more bull-doggish than his wont, striding eastward through the darkening street, Sue hurrying breathlessly beside him.

"A lolkely shtory! Fwbat d'ye take me, madam, that ye ixplet me to swallow ut?"

"Con!"

"Mister Tighe, if you please. I am Con to me frinds, and 'twould seem that yerself is not wan of thim this tide. . . . As dur'ty a trick as Iver was played me by a woman. 'Tis yerself has had the opporchunity of a lifetime, and fooled ut away. I mane ut. And, begad! I'll—" He half

swung toward the shrinking girl, his brutal hands emerging from his pockets, his great chin thrown forward truculently.

They were beneath a dim, yellow hanging-lamp near Charing Cross at the moment; the street was dark, and few were afoot, for although the places of business had not closed for the day, there were no customers going or coming. So threatening was the Irishman's attitude, and so harsh his tone, that a tall, hawk-nosed young fellow in military undress who was passing shortened his stride and hesitated.

Sue's courage rose; there should be no scene.

"A dish of tea, sir, did ye say? Delightful! I am dropping." She slipped her hand through her husband's arm. The loiterer wavered, looked hard upon her and passed on.

"*Tay*, is ut? I'll—I'll—"

"Not here, Con, dear!"

(To be continued.)

Ashton Hilliers.

THE UNITED STATES THROUGH FOREIGN SPECTACLES.

(CONCLUDED)

Mr. Henry James, returning from his latest visit to the United States, has written "The American Scene," wherein is plainly visible a measure of painstaking far exceeding that of most visitors, who so often write as rapidly as they travel, and as superficially as they observe. Unfortunately he has been no more thorough than others in the preparatory process of freeing mind and eye from prepossessions. Americans have the impression that Mr. James is accepted in England as a high authority concerning the land where he was born and bred, and which he abandoned as a residence soon after he arrived at mature years; but his erstwhile countrymen do not esteem so highly his success in this department of his writing, and they have bestowed little at-

tention and less commendation upon this somewhat fanciful, though obviously careful volume. It is not unnatural that the peculiarities of his style should vex especially the American reader. If by universal consent any one trait signalizes the American, it is that of being always in a hurry; so he resents an obscurity of diction which compels him to re-read sentences twice or thrice in search of their meaning.

It is more seriously disturbing to find that Mr. James, availing himself conscientiously of exceptional opportunities, has travelled leisurely and observantly from New England to Florida, and, at the end of his journeyings in our land, cries, "'tis all barren"—or nearly so. He recalls bygone days of remote youth much as we all do, only

to note sorrowfully that on all sides there is change, and of course for the worse. Not that the past was very good, but that the present is very bad; from us who had not, has been taken away even that which we had. He seems to note this more in condemnation than in sorrow; for when he gives us some very charming, if somewhat misty sketches, notably those of Philadelphia and Baltimore, he evidently finds the chief attraction of those places in features far removed from the aspects and character which mark the nation at large in the present day. Unquestionably these chapters are admirable literary work, though curiously impressionistic as coming from a writer who persistently describes himself as "the restless analyst." For we should expect analysis to clarify facts, and we are surprised to find that Mr. James fancies that he has been doing so. But never mind that; no reader will begrudge the time, and even toll, which he must give to gather fully the pleasing intellectual sensations which come to him from these and from a few other like pictures. Oases, however, only bring the desert into stronger relief. Pages of dreamy and poetic imaginativeness do not blind us to his opinion that, wherever we are actively engaged, we are doing unsatisfactory things; and that our development is really deterioration, morally, intellectually, aesthetically. Whenever modern facts are dealt with, the note of fretful depreciation is observable--vexatiously observable, to speak frankly, for we are vexed at somewhat evasive, intangible fault-finding. It would require Mr. James' own pen, so apt for infusing suggestion without formulating a statement, to explain why "The American Scene" irritates us, and gives a vague sense of an unfair and even malicious spirit in its composition; but we feel it, though we cannot quote sentences in evidence. Is

this a survival of the old supersensitiveness? Perhaps so. If we try to assure ourselves that it is not, we run against the ancient difficulty of knowing one's self.

Certain it is, however, that the less subtle commenting of less accomplished writers stirs little resentment. "The Modern Symposium," by Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, devotes to us several pages of merciless satire, even sarcasm, but without provoking us, unless indeed to smile at his wit. The little volume was widely read and freely praised; and we derived pleasure rather than pain as we noted the fine skill of the passes of his rapier, even though he lunged most wickedly at our vitals. Mr. Whibley also in his "American Sketches," has made no effort to conceal his contempt and antipathy. Yet it is matter of regret that the book is not more widely known than it is in the United States, for it is a pharmacy wherein several of the doses, though in the way of bitters, could be taken by Americans with beneficial effect and probably without too angry grimaces. Only we might like to ask Mr. Whibley a few questions as we read. He has a very entertaining chapter upon "The American Language." He finds our slang abominable; and rightly enough, for all slang is bad, and unfamiliar slang is always especially detestable. No misplaced patriotism shall lead to a defence of American slang, further than to say that it has somewhat more of vividness, of grotesqueness and humor than Mr. Whibley sees in it; but then he is little more appreciative of our humor than of our slang. For some reason his indignation is especially stirred by "bully," a word much in vogue a generation ago, now chiefly used by children and by Mr. Roosevelt. We might be stirred by his bitter attack on "bully" to ask him whether he deems it more foolish or more disagreeable than "bloody." It is absurd

to allege that "literary English is an acquired tongue which the American studies with diligence and writes with care." Yet the remark recalls what a Boston lawyer, a great Anglophile, used to say, to the amusement of himself if not of his friends, that he enjoyed his annual trips to Europe, because there he had opportunity to talk the only foreign language which he really knew—English. The trenchant chapter on "The Yellow Press" expresses well the feeling which may fairly be said to be general in America; but those who read the yellow journals sneer at them, and these sheets have no such influence as Mr. Whibley attributes to them.¹ Again, we would ask him whether there is any foundation for rumors which we have heard, that the like noxious form of journalism is growing fast in his own land.

There are few Americans who would not enjoy Mr. Whibley's pages on "The Millionaire," especially when he speaks of Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller, probably the two most unpopular men in America. But here, again, we would ask him whether he ever heard that Mr. Carnegie's incursions into Great Britain have been made in the hope of obtaining in the land of his birth a social recognition denied him in the land of his adoption. Only Mr. Carnegie himself can tell us in which of the two countries his wealth has purchased the greater obsequence. All that Mr. Whibley says about the follies of our "Fourth of July," with its bombastic rhetoric of patriotism, and its sacrifices of the fingers and eyes, even lives, of young and old children playing with gunpowder, is entirely true. It is the one day in the year when many Americans wish that in the Glorious Revolution which it commemorates their forefathers had not succeeded in giving a birthday to a new nation. But

¹ Mr. A. Maurice Low has a chapter on the American Press, which is the most discriminating that we have seen on the subject.

did Mr. Whibley happen to be in London on the evening after the news arrived that a certain little town in South Africa had been relieved by the British troops? If so, may we ask him one more question: Which celebration would make the more favorable impression on an unprejudiced stranger?

In 1896 Mr. Elliot, president of Harvard University, in his book, "American Contributions to Civilization," said, "The first and principal contribution is the advance made in the United States, not in theory only, but in practice, toward an abandonment of war as a means of settling disputes between nations." Prof. Münsterberg makes the counter-comment that it is "to the credit of England and not to that of America that the Venezuelan conflict (of 1896) did not lead to war," and that the United States has "gone to Cuba and to the Philippines"; and he hears in the "editorials of the yellow press" and the "orations of leading senators" "the voice of that aggressive temper which waits for an opportunity to show American superiority to the world by battles and not by arbitration." The recent war with Spain also leads Mgr. Vay de Vaya to say that the "conquering policy" of the United States is "easily to be foreseen"; and that imperialism, "naturally involving militarism," "seems to be the last [latest] phase of the tendencies of American political ambition." M. Tardieu says, "Le corps Américain tressaillait d'ivresse impérialiste," and adds that we are "une puissance mondiale," though the people in general do not yet realize it. Yet they hear it often enough; and Prof. Coolidge has lately published a noteworthy book, which he calls "The United States as a World Power." The title may be objectionable, but the book is admirable. No doubt we are a "World Power," whether we adopt Prof. Coolidge's definition of the phrase or some other. But how about this al-

leged imperialism and materialism? asks the American, pondering very soberly these foreign readings of our future. No doubt power in war is still the yard-measure by which not only the populace but the upper classes estimate national greatness. In 1870 the new Germany made her reputation by a successful war; Japan has done the same; there are Americans who would like to see their own country follow these examples.

Yet it seems certain that the national pride is really enlisted, as Senator Lodge said to M. Tardieu, in playing the rôle of a "*grande puissance médiatrix*," and that aggressive imperialism is at an indefinite distance from the national thought. Our experience of annexation in the Philippines is not such as to induce a repetition of what all regard as an unfortunate, and many as a discreditable, blunder; and there is just now among us much more of scepticism than of assured faith as to the national capacity for handling colonies well. So far we have sent excellent administrators to the Philippines² and to Porto Rico; but the fear is that later on, when the Government feels itself less under observation, it may make these islands asylums for politicians who must be allowed to "get something" out of the "public trough," but whom it is desirable to feed as far out of sight as possible. The continental press of Europe misconstrued the meaning of the Spanish war when it assumed that we were seeking territorial aggrandizement by meanly attacking a weak nation under a hypocritical pretext of humanity. They read us wrongly also when they thought that we had bunglingly missed the prize of our hypocrisy by emerging from the affair without Cuba, coveted since Jef-

erson's day, and with the Philippines, which no one had ever wanted. The politicians may have been disappointed; but it is strict truth that the people at large, especially those of the old American stock, had honestly believed themselves to be engaging in a struggle on behalf of humanity, and were thoroughly pleased to furnish proof of their honesty by leaving Cuba free. Europe may cynically refuse to believe it, but Americans know that, setting the Government aside, the war was highly creditable to the moral sense of the people at large. M. Adam alone among foreigners has appreciated the truth concerning this unfortunate episode.

In times past, when the American, dissatisfied with the portraits which others drew of him, took a hand at depicting himself, he used to describe himself as a law-abiding person. Of late, however, a tendency to discreet and judicious silence on this subject is noticeable. Mr. Whibley speaks with justice of our "frank contempt for law." Other foreign visitors are much puzzled by our attitude towards law, observing first our habit of aggressive legislation upon moral subjects, and then the strange indifference to all laws. "For every conceivable evil, real or imagined, the Yankee must have a law; but when it is passed he goes about his business as if nothing more were required," with the result that "nowhere [else] is there such a bewildering mass of unenforced and forgotten laws as in America." This is substantially true; many American statutes are merely moral manifestos, never intended for practical use. A startling instance is the general tacit understanding that so solemn an enactment as the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution is only a political abstraction. Not long since, Mr. Roosevelt angrily proclaimed that some of the ablest lawyers make it a speciality to instruct

² Mr. Cameron Forbes, Vice-Governor of the Philippines, a trustworthy gentleman, writing in a recent number of the "*Atlantic Monthly*" is very reassuring upon the good work that is being done there.

their clients how to evade the laws; and there is no gainsaying the substantial truth of his assertion. Yet, with all his ardor to enforce laws which served his purpose, he himself assailed decisions of the Courts with injurious violence. Early in the crusade against sundry powerful corporations for breaches of statutory law, certain of them complained that it was not fair to prosecute them because they had not been notified of the intent to enforce the laws. This may be comic, but it illustrates the American practice.

The causes of this condition are not obscure. There is the strong American tendency to individualism, naturally rebellious against control, and there is the great good-nature of the people; there is the common feeling that every one should be permitted to escape any very disagreeable consequence of his acts; there is no practice, hardly even any theory, of rigid accountability; finally, there is the singular condition of one national sovereignty and a group of sub-sovereignties, each with its own rules of what may be called statutory morals. Besides Congress, forty-six State Legislatures are busily passing statutes, which all ought to be effective enactments of really sovereign powers. Among these forty-seven bodies there is no co-ordination. What is unlawful and therefore wrong in one State, may be lawful and therefore right in the neighboring State. A man who travels from his own State into the next finds himself liable to be thrown into jail for doing something which, an hour earlier and a few miles away, he could have done with propriety. Where morality thus becomes a question of locality, and right and wrong are matters of geography, a statute-breaker is but little oppressed by a sense of moral guilt. Mr. Wells remarks of the persons once called "Captains of Industry," and now "magnates," that "they are men with a

good deal of contempt for legislation and State interference." He acquits them of "a general scheme of criminality," and sees only that the "aggregation of property has created powers stronger than the State Legislatures, powers . . . that have no awe and no sentiment for legislation, that are prepared to disregard or evade it whenever they can." He is quite right; however well each individual may quiet his own conscience, the ultimate results of such general conditions are sure to be disastrous.

A spectacle which interests all travelers in the United States is the immigrant throng at Ellis Island. Having noted the picturesqueness and the admirable organization, each traveller then falls to speculating gravely as to the consequences of the motley influx of "piebald millions"; and all, with one accord, speak foreboding words. Mgr. Vay de Vaya knows some of these peoples well, and warns us that they are "more primitive, more backward, and more destitute than the original inhabitants, and not calculated to raise the moral and intellectual level of the country." Mr. Wells alleges that "every American above forty years of age, and most of those below that limit," are enthusiastic advocates of unrestricted immigration, and that they refused to understand his alarm at this "huge dilution of the American people with profoundly ignorant foreign peasants about to be converted into an illiterate proletariat." In reply to his warnings, he was only assured, quite cheerfully, that "the children learn English, and become Americans, and better patriots than the Americans."

His statement surprises us. That Mr. Wells should meet some persons extravagantly optimistic as to our assimilating power was but natural; but for one of these he should have encountered a dozen others who would have expressed doubts as serious as his own.

Intelligent Americans are profoundly anxious. That legislation opposes no barrier to the incoming of these "hordes," as they are commonly called in language certainly not of cordial welcome, indicates only that the unthinking masses concern themselves little with the problem which is making wiser heads than theirs shake dubiously. Only the Irishman, desirous now to shut the door through which he himself has passed, may be heard to aver that such wages, or such treatment "may do for a dago, but won't do for a white man." Moreover, the influential exploiters of great enterprises have need of the low-class laborer, need of him in great quantities. Now the descendant of the Pilgrims has long since cast aside the shovel and the pick, and would rather starve than take them up again; the Irishman is living by the corrupt gains of petty politics, or he is a policeman, or a "contractor," or the "boss" of a gang of spiritless town laborers; the German and the Scandinavian, outside the cities, being thrifty and industrious, become the owners of the field which they till. Therefore, if railroads are to be laid, if coal, copper, and silver are to be mined, it is the cheap labor from Italy, from central and south-eastern Europe, that the capitalist promoter must use; and, as he is powerful in politics, he not only stifles protests against free immigration but promotes it by organized processes.

Thus there fall upon American shores these ceaseless tidal waves of men who have not an idea or a tradition in common with the ideas and traditions of the real American people. The first generation is shut out by ignorance of the language against influences which will begin to work upon their children. But of the second generation, what is to be said? Mr. Wells thinks that the child of the immigrant is a worse man than his father. We loyally say that

we do not think so; we assert that the public school works wonders. In some cases it succeeds, but in a dangerous number we know very well that it fails. Fortunately, up to this time, our Italians, Poles, Hungarians, Croats, Greeks, Armenians, and Russian Jews have counted for nothing politically. Mr. Wells warns us that to give them votes "does not free them, it only enslaves the country," and reminds us that "the negroes were given votes." But the cases are not similar; and few apprehend danger from any inconvenient political solidarity of these new importations. We have "the Irish vote" and "the German vote," yet we still remain American; oddly enough we have not yet heard of "the Jewish vote," powerful as it might be; but the south European and the central European votes do not strike us as being a near menace. Suggestions by some writers that local race accumulations may lead to secessions do not alarm us. Our size and our diversity of interests, instead of threatening disintegration, seem to assure integrity, because no dissatisfied portion could stand against all the rest. We fear no geographical or racial lines of cleavage; only the possible opening of social and economic seams disturbs us. The problem of classes, of labor against capital, of the great corporation and the multi-millionaire against the trade-unions and the small farmers may come to an issue in the States sooner than elsewhere; and the conflict here is likely to be on a larger scale and more persistently fought than in Europe. Our Montagues and Capulets are the trust "magnates" and the labor-leaders; they may open rifts through which blood will flow. The outcome no man can foretell; but experiments in socialism will hardly be tried as bulwarks.

The Apostolic Protonotary observes with regret the influence of American

life in rendering immigrants of the Catholic faith careless of religion. M. Bourget, on the other hand, has been assured to the contrary. Of these conflicting statements, each is open to the suspicion of having been made for a purpose, but one would incline to give more credence to that reported by Mgr. Vay de Vaya, which is also supported by M. Tardieu. The latter writer says that the relation between the Catholic Church and the State is simple, friendly, and satisfactory. He adds, however, that Catholicism in the United States is "profondément Américain," and remarks that the Church, "en Américanisant ses fidèles, en perd un grand nombre." This he proves by statistics; for, whereas immigration figures show that there should be 25,000,000 Roman Catholics in the country, there are in fact only 13,000,000. The deficit he attributes to American educational influences. Certain it is that, since the Roman Catholic hierarchy found themselves face to face with Martin Luther, they have had no task more difficult than to find a synthesis which shall combine the American ways of free thought and action with the disciplinary and ancient doctrines of Mother Church. Already, in conversation even with very good Catholics, one is often startled at their bold liberalism on points of faith. A similar phenomenon has been recently noted among the Jews; and the older members of the Hebraic community complain that the young men are becoming free in their religious ways.

Broadly speaking, it is undeniable that in all creeds tolerance is passing into indifference, and indifference into scepticism, among great numbers of the people. So in "A Modern Symposium" we are told that, "thanks to Europe America has never been powerless in the face of Nature; therefore has never felt Fear; therefore has never known Reverence; and therefore never experi-

enced Religion. . . . Religion in America is a parasite without roots." On the other hand, Mgr. Vay de Vaya declares that the Americans are a strongly religious people. He founds his opinion, however, upon the number of their "mystical sects"; and whether this indicates a religious temperament or not depends upon what idea is attached to that phrase. Sir Dyce Duckworth has lately said of faith-cures:

As regards this new doctrine we find, first, that it comes from America. That, to my mind, at once arouses suspicion. It comes from Boston, a city I know well . . . a city which is a perennial source of false doctrine, and which produces and contains more unstable men and women than any other city I know.

Mr. Whibley also thinks that "to-day Boston is as earnest as ever in pursuit of vague ideals and soothing doctrines." In the same line are M. Adam's remarks upon the "penchant pour le merveilleux" in the United States:

Les revues spiritistes et théosophistes intéressent les adeptes de mille sectes bizarres, qui tâchent à se désincarnar par l'extase et le jeune, ou bien à maintenir, avec les âmes des morts illustres, certaines relations pratiques et glorieuses.

Probably this undeniable peculiarity is due to the nervous intellectual tension of the New Englander, developed under climatic influences, to his Athenian passion for "some new thing," and to his tendency to rebel against everything established, which has marked him since his ancestors followed Oliver Cromwell; and New England, overflowing through the West, has carried its peculiarities thither. For such temperaments, excitement, schism, and novelty are irresistible incentives, which have made of the United States the great field for quack

religions, as it has always notoriously been for quack medicines. The ultimate result of these things must be unsettling.

Notwithstanding all this, in spite of Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Gompers with their labor unions, in spite of disregard for laws and conflicting national and state legislation, in spite of decaying faith and wild religious fads, in spite also of the flood of the undesirable, unassimilable people, there is nothing more commonly observed in the United States than the universal note of optimism. The American feels that a successful future is a thing assured; that, though business may be harassed, yet in some way prosperity will advance; that problems may be serious, but will be solved—only dying nations have no problems. The old and foolish gasconading habit is giving way to this spirit of sanguine forecast. In the talk, which angers Mr. Whibley, about the "great destiny" of the country, there may lurk a flavor of ancient boasting, but more often it signifies a fine courage, a buoyant hopefulness, a generous purpose. Mr. Bryce, while not less struck than are other observers by the optimistic temper, finds it infectious, and admits his own cheerful and sympathetic faith therein. Mr. Wells hardly cares to restrain his irritation when he perceives "the note of a fatal, gigantic, economic development, of large prevision and enormous pressures"; and he is peevish because he meets no one who will "shape that gigantic future," and fails to "perceive any extensive sense of anything whatever to be done, anything to be shaped and thought out and made, in the sense of a national determination, to a designed and specific end." Sonorous but vague this seems to us. Ought we then to furnish plans and specifications for our future as the architect does for a house? We are optimistic, and glad to be so, for we deem optimism to be

not only of good augury, but also an aid and incentive towards success; a stimulus to honorable endeavor, binding us to do our best. So we avow ourselves optimistic. "If this be treason, make the most of it!" We learned at school the words of Patrick Henry, "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience"; and surely our experience in the past compels us to be hopeful of the future, not selfishly, but as seeing therein high duties and opportunities of usefulness to which we mean to be equal. Does this sound like a recurrence of the old braggart habit? Not too seriously so, it may be hoped; for it really represents an earnest attitude of the American mind.

During more than a generation past no traveller has neglected to allege an omnipresent "materialism" in the United States. The phrase is vague, yet obviously implies reproach, as a lack of intellectuality and idealism, a "manque d'idées abstraites," a dearth of poets, artists, and philosophers. It also implies, however, the presence of substantial good things. Material industries and creations bring to the people at large possibilities for education, cleanliness, health, and comfort; they mean meat at least once every day, bathrooms in all save the poorest apartments, abundant clothing for the children, space enough for decent living in well-warmed, well-lighted quarters. If the "materialism" which secures these things for millions leaves some hundreds to suffer a little poverty in the way of art and music, and brilliant or scholarly books, we may be sorry for the hundreds, but we would not consent to reverse the situation. So when Mr. Wells and M. Adam note that there is nothing definitive with us, that we are always tearing down in order to rebuild, it means only that every man means to die in a better-built, more

wholesome and more comfortable house than that in which he was born. This is a fruit of "materialism," and a good fruit. The American thinks much of his house, and is aghast to hear M. Huret allege that the people have no home life, and customarily frequent restaurants.

It is true that, as concerns literature, art, scholarship, music, the stage, even the national genius for boasting stands silent and abashed. Admittedly we achieve little in painting, and not more in music. Our stage is—but let an American be excused from saying what the American stage is to-day! In literature we believe that we stand better, though Mr. Whibley says, that our best writers are mere copyists of bygone styles, and others seem able to praise only our short stories, the sugar-plums of literature, with which your *cordon bleus* rarely meddle. At present our best work is being done in history and allied subjects, as witness Prof. Lowell's remarkable work on the "Government of England," and Mr. Rhodes' "History of the United States," which is marked by a tone of such judicial fairness towards both men and measures that it finds no superior since the days of Thucydides. In departments less purely literary it is true that we make but an indifferent show. The opinions of our highest courts, the messages of our Presidents, and other State papers, generally prolix, inflated, and clumsy in form, indicate a sad lack of training in clear expression. The turgid oratory of our public men is deplorable in its grotesque, almost burlesque, magnificence. In philosophy, we boast chiefly, and very justly, of Prof. William James; but probably it is his rare personal charm and his gift of well-chosen language which, more than his subject, attract us; for the "material" American is apt to contemplate philosophy, with its succession of theories, much as one watches a child toll-

somely construct a house of cards for another child to blow down.

As for scholarship, M. Huret warns us against trusting the tales one hears of American classicism and taste for European literature, for he finds little of either. Yet there is a bent in the direction of scholarship which may carry us forward in the future, though unfortunately education, even in our universities, suffers too much from "materialism." Mgr. Vay de Vaya finds that our "greatest pedagogues" admit this "materialism"; and he adds that our skill lies especially in imparting applied knowledge, which we regard as an investment that can be turned to immediate account. All praise the equipment of the "rich, comfortable, and practical" universities, but many see only fine buildings and appointments produced by money. Certainly some of our universities have only lately emerged from the constructive era; and competent professors and throngs of students hardly pour into the rooms as the workmen move out of them. But with astonishing rapidity the newest universities gather an abundance both of those who teach well and those who learn earnestly. After all, scholarship is for a chosen few in every nation, and we shall furnish our fair proportion. The assertion made by Dr. Münstersberg, and echoed by Mr. Whibley, that we shall have no high scholarship till we pay high salaries to our scholars, is, we believe, untrue. Meantime, however, it is undeniable that not foreigners only but many among ourselves complain that our universities tend to become great factories of instruction. Even Harvard, the most ancient college of the land, encrusted in traditions of literature and scholarship, has of late been irreverently compared to a huge department-store with counters for the sale of every known kind of instruction. This is distasteful to the disap-

pearing generation; but their successors evidently believe that nothing better can be desired than that instruction should be obtained in the best form upon every subject concerning which instruction is desired; and indeed it is not easy to controvert this position.

In all these matters we ask for a little time. The American does not admit that "*non omnia possumus omnes*," at least if the "*omnes*" are "*Americani*." M. Bourget notes that at forty, fifty, or even sixty years of age a man may change his calling, and prove "*que l'homme énergique accepte tout et qu'il triomphe de tout, pourvu qu'il le veuille*." It never occurs to any one of old American stock to doubt his capacity immediately to fill any position or to discharge any functions which the chances of life may throw in his way. A lawyer becomes secretary of the
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navy; a stable-keeper is mayor of a city; a physician is made a general in the army; a merchant is chosen as a legislator; a newspaper-editor becomes a diplomatist; and it is well known that any public school graduate is competent to become President. This power to dispense with all preliminary preparation astonishes a European, but it is the normal condition of the American citizen. Even he, however, admits the limitation that, though he certainly can do all things, yet he cannot do them all at once. For the moment we are fully occupied with industrial creations and the exploitation of the natural resources of the country. For the matters to which we have not yet had opportunity to give sufficient attention we say only, "Give us just a little more time."

John T. Morse.

ENGLISH LITERATURE OF TO-DAY.

We have set ourselves the task of determining for the uninstructed reader the difference between the writer of the commercial book and the writer of a book which shall be a work of art. When it comes to results this is a matter of great difficulty, demanding of the analyst a cool faculty of criticism, a broad catholicity and great powers of self-abnegation in the realms of taste. Suppose, for instance, we consider the case of a debatable writer—let us say George Elliot. Here was a writer almost omnipotent in her power to charm at once the great multitude and the austere critic of her time. She was taken more seriously than any writer of to-day ever has been, or ever will be taken. Yet, to the great bulk of educated criticism of to-day, George Elliot has become a writer unreadable in herself and negligible as a critical illustration. Her character-drawing

appears to be singularly wooden: her books without any form, her style entirely pedestrian and her solemnity intolerable. And it is probable that it was this very solemnity that gave to her works all the qualities that make them to men in touch with the life of to-day, so entirely unreadable, so exactly like so many heavy cakes. George Elliot was, in fact, a great figure. She was great enough to impose herself upon her day; she probably never sought, though she certainly found, the popularity of sensationalism. Taking herself with an enormous seriousness, she dilated upon sin and its results, and so found the easy success of the popular preacher who deals in horrors. She desired, that is to say, to be an influence: she cared in her heart very little whether or no she would be considered an artist.

Let us place her alongside another

writer of her day whose ambition did not soar above producing a good "household article." As an artist—as a mere writer—Anthony Trollope had most of the vices of George Eliot. He is never remarkably engrossing, his writing has no particular justness of phrase, his novels are hardly constructed at all, but meander one into another without any particular bounds, without there being any particular reason why any given book should begin or end here or there. Yet, although Trollope's books do not very much cry aloud to be read, we can take up with interest "Barchester Towers" in a hand from which nervelessly "Adam Bede" drops. The reason is that never taking himself with any attempt at solemnity, Trollope was content to observe and to record, whereas George Eliot, as if she had converted herself into another Frankenstein, went on evolving obedient monsters who had no particular relation to the life of her time—monsters who seduced or admitted themselves to be seduced, who murdered their infants or quoted the Scriptures just as it suited the creator of their ordered world. Trollope, on the other hand, observed the world he lived in: his characters walk upon the ground; perhaps they are even a little flat-footed, but his observations have the light of facts, filtered through the screen of a personality. That the personality was not a very rare, was not a very subtle one, is perhaps the reason why we do not read him with very great avidity. But because the personality was so honest, so humble and above all, so conscientious, he helps us to live in a real world, he affords us real experiences. And precisely because George Eliot had no conscience, precisely because she gives us a world that never was, peopled by supermen who, we may thank God, never could have been, she is now a moral force practically extinct, is hourly losing im-

petus. And she has as an artist no existence whatever. Having studied "Das Leben Jesu," she became inflated by the idea of the writer as prophet, she evolved monstrous works which contained her endless comments upon Victorian philosophy, forgetting that our Lord, Who was the supreme influence, because He was the supreme artist, limited Himself in His recorded fiction to the barest statement of fact, to the merest citation of instance.

Having stated so much we may pause to concede that probably the great majority of humanity would say that the converse of what we have stated is the actual fact. They would say, precisely, that George Eliot was the great artist because she presented them with an unreal, with an idealized world, which is what they demand of art. George Eliot, that is to say, takes them out of themselves. Mr. Trollope makes them think. With this, of course, we cannot quarrel, since it is merely a matter of terms. We prefer, that is to say, to consider that the artist is the renderer of human vicissitude—the creator of a world of his own in which conscientiously, as he sees it, effect follows cause. We should not, supposing each of them to render life as he saw it, quarrel with Fielding, whose idea of cause and effect is that drinking makes a man a fine genial fellow any more than with the late M. Zola, who wrote a book called "L'Assommoir." Actually "Tom Jones," since it is a more filtered work—since it is the product of the author's experience of life, whereas Zola's book is a product not of experience, but of tabulations—"Tom Jones" will probably have a more persistent vitality. It is a rendering of life; it is, such as it is, a picture of manners. It interests because it excites our curiosity. After all, we most of us read because we want to know—because we want to know so many things. "We want to

know how people used to live in past days, we want to know what happened to a given character; we want to know what was the outcome of a given affair. We want to be, as a Stevensonian writer would put it "at grips with life."

That there are innumerable methods of attaining to this end is nothing to the point, and it is nothing to the point to say that the greatest works deviate occasionally from the strict sequence of cause and effect. Thus the plots of Shakespeare are the evolutions of an infantile mind—the merest followings out of the more foolish parts of folklore. But we do not read Shakespeare for his plots, we read him for his texture, for his personality, for his charm. And whilst making these concessions to his genius we are apt to forget that he would have been an even greater writer if he had more frequently lapsed into the sense of the realities. *As You Like It* is a great comedy, but it would be infinitely greater did it not end in a farrago of childish impossibilities. And Shakespeare, if he had taken time to think upon these matters, would have been as great an artist as Tourgénéieff. He would have remained none the less great a poet.

We may, indeed, see in the condition of the Stage to-day a rather ominous, a rather terrible warning as to what in the present circumstances Literature in England is coming to. At the present moment the Literary Art is almost entirely confined to the novel. In a literary sense the "serious book" hardly exists at all. It is, for instance, almost impossible to name any historical work of late years that has any educational as opposed to an instructional weight: it is difficult to name any work of a social or political nature that has any literary value. Historical works are nowadays assemblages of facts presented in an utter baldness of manner. Works social or political limit themselves to bald statements of doctrine supported

by such tabulations and statistics as suit the purpose of the writer. The "memoir" of to-day is a loosely strung necklace of anecdotes without, as a rule, any attempt to give a view of the subject's personality or to render the atmosphere of the world in which he lived. It panders, in fact, almost wholly to that love of "ana"—of tit-bits—which has always been the distinguishing feature of the English reader.

Ruskin, Carlyle, the late Mr. Gladstone, Fred Archer, Colonel Burnaby, Sir Frederic Leighton, the late Duke of Edinburgh, Sir Charles Russell, Sir Frank Lockwood and the late Colonel North—the fact that all these people once spoke or did not speak to the subject of the memoir; a remarkable shot at a markhor, a dinner at the Savage Club with a catalogue of the guests present, some maudlin regrets for the passing of an extinct music-hall, some lamentations that Sir Henry Irving is equalled by no actor of to-day—all these things shaken together and written down without any particular regard for sequence or for any of the unties—there you have your book of memoirs of to-day. That the public appreciates this fare every publisher knows quite well—the average book of memoirs sells, indeed, better than the average novel. It is, in consequence, a better speculation, and simply because it does not appear under the guise of fiction it is regarded as a more respectable venture. But that any page of any book of memoirs published now will remain in the minds of any of their innumerable readers we are very much inclined to doubt. That the reading can, and will, profit nobody we are very certain.

The downfall of the seriously historic book has come about because the writing of such works has fallen into the hands of the schoolmaster—into the hands of the specialist. And the aim of the schoolmaster—of the professor—becomes inevitably not education—

which teaches the marshalling and the analysis of facts—but instruction which teaches merely their collection. The historic book of to-day exactly shadows the attitude of the modern University towards history. There is no particular attempt to awaken an historic sense, but enormous efforts to secure a meticulous knowledge of a small period are encouraged. An average historic curriculum for one of our Universities would prescribe to-day the acquiring of a very loose acquaintance with five hundred years of English history, a study more serious of some particular century, a study *au fond* of some fifty years and then a study, minute beyond belief, of five to ten years of that fifty. And the candidate will be given to understand that he cannot, by any means, expect to attain honors in his subject unless his examiners be afforded proof that he has done what is called "original work"—that is to say, the candidate must bring forward some new documents, some new statistics or some new measurements of battlefields. Given the purpose of the educational bodies of to-day we need have no particular quarrel with this system. But it is obvious that it is a system calculated to turn out, not educated men who will write great books, but specialists who will go on discovering documents. And, inasmuch as what emoluments and honors there are will go to those who have distinguished themselves in such academic courses, the commissioning of historic books will fall almost altogether into the hands of these specialists.

The compiling of histories is to-day put into the hands of committees of such academic historians, each writer being allotted a period as to which, with the sanction of his University, he is considered to be an authority. And thus we have such a phenomenon as a late volume in a very respectable historic series. Here the writer was al-

lotted a given century as to which he was considered to be the best authority. Some seventy years of the hundred he treated perfunctorily as being of no significance. He permitted himself occasional inaccuracies, which would have been trifling in a historian merely literary, but which are much less pardonable in a work of reference. He omitted to attach any particular weight to the financial policy of the chief Minister of that period—a financial policy which changed the whole course of English affairs. In revenge he devoted by far the greater portion of the book to a minute analysis of the events of some twenty years out of the century. He produced, in fact, an elaborated version of such a paper as would entitle a University candidate to honors in history.

We are not, of course, inclined to quarrel with this tendency. The production of works of reference is a laudable occupation. But the fact remains that at the present day these works of reference have stifled any literary activity within the domain of history. And the tendency has bred an almost worse evil—it has led to the production of innumerable works concerning themselves with the secret lovers of queens, with king's mistresses and with the debaucheries of the favorites of the various decadent sovereigns that the world has seen. This is a class of book which again, though the profits far exceed those of any conscientious novelist, is detrimental, not so much because it panders to the baser sexualities of the idle—indeed, hardly any of these volumes are produced with sufficient skill in portraying an atmosphere, to pander to any passions at all—but because they combine with the daily press and with the popular memoirs to which we have alluded in affording the mental anodynes with which the English reader of to-day so persistently drugs himself.

The characteristic of modern life that is most appalling is its inability to sustain any protracted train of thought. Thought consists in the classification of matter, in the perception of analogies and, as a subsidiary branch, in the arriving at an exact means of expression. And in this sense thought is as much discouraged by, is as distasteful to, the scientific historian as it is to the hack-writer who assembles salacious details. The province of Art, however, is the bringing of humanity into contact with humanity, and Art is the supreme bringer into contact of person and person. The artist deals not in facts, and his value is in his temperament. The assembler of facts needs not temperament at all but industry. He does not suggest, he states, and save in the mind of professed thinkers he arouses no thought at all. But the business of the artist is to awaken thought in the unthinking. Tolstoi has said that the writer should aim at interesting the agricultural laborer alone, and the dictum, if it be exaggerated after the manner of this considerable rhapsodist, is nevertheless an exaggeration of great value. What it means technically is that the artist should strive to be explicit. What it amounts to in practice is that the artist should consider himself as writing for the uninstructed man *bonæ voluntatis*—for the absolutely uninstructed man who is of his own type. And the more men there are who are of his own type, the greater will his appeal be, the greater his sympathies, the greater the effect of his art upon the world.

To this wideness of appeal, to this largeness of sympathy, the specialist can never hope to attain. He addresses himself to an aristocracy, since he addresses himself to the instructed. The province of Art is to appeal to, to solace, the humble. The excuse for the existence of the artist is that he voices the unvoiced of his own type.

He has no other claim to dominance: he has no other right to the six foot of his country's ground that he will finally claim. The specialist exists and has the right, drudge-like, to exist to the measure of the industry that God has vouchsafed to him: the compilers of salacious memoirs and of contemporary reminiscences, the writer even of commercial fiction and of the negligible drama, have a right to exist which they share with the licensed victualler. They supply drama to the brains of men too weary to think and too much caught up in the machine to feel.

We have been celebrating recently the bi-centenary of Dr. Johnson, the greatest, because the most representative, of all English figures. That he was the greatest of all English writers outside the realm of imaginative literature, we should hesitate categorically to set down, whatever our private tastes might lead us to feel. But the point is that for a writer such as Johnson there would be to-day no chance of existence. He is unthinkable. If we look upon the serious book as it is produced to-day, we see that there is no room for clear, for logical, for merciless thought, and such an essay as Johnson's upon Shakespeare if it so much as found the light of day, would be received with a chorus of sentimental outpourings of indignation. Johnson, of course, was no particular hand at the compilation of facts; he was before all others the thinker who rendered the verdict of common sense upon any given set of facts. No such writer is to-day required. We have no critics but we have panegyrists, we have no desire to face remorseless thoughts, though we are pleased occasionally with those quaint paradoxes that are half truths. Froude and Carlyle were bad enough in their day, but they had at least the courage to seek to find a pattern in the carpet. And if Carlyle's "French Republic" or Froude's "Henry

the Eighth" is, historically considered, of little value compared with the work of the scientific historian of to-day, they have at least the merit of bringing us into contact with their authors—with men who were human beings, who were fallible but vital, who were childish, but upon occasion Titanic. And this is the especial value of the art of writing to the reader of to-day. The world is so full of a number of things, facts so innumerable beset us, that the gatherer of facts is relatively of very little value. And when, each man by himself, we are seeking to make out the pattern of the bewildering carpet that modern life is, it matters very little whether the facts are those collected by the scientific historian, by the socio-political economist or by the collector of railroad statistics. But to be brought

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really into contact with our fellow men, to become intimately acquainted with the lives of those around us, this is a thing which grows daily more difficult in the complexities of modern life. This, vicariously, the artist is more and more needed to supply. For, as we have formerly remarked, the tendency of humanity is to crowd into the large cities, and within their bounds to live semi-migratory lives. Of the history and of the thought of the great number of men with whom we come into contact we have no knowledge at all. We see them for the allotted minutes, for the allotted hours. Of their lives and passions we know nothing. So that unless the imaginative writer help us in this matter we are in great danger of losing alike human knowledge and human sympathy.

THE CATTLE-TRUCK.

There is a fallacy—it dies hard—that in the Civil Service a man who wishes to succeed has only to owe for his clothes, to dance like one of Ouida's guardsmen, and to marry his chief's daughter, without regard to her looks.

Thirty years ago this was all true enough. Perhaps some of us wish that it was so still. But it is not. The man who means to make his way must pay his tailor and sell himself to the Government, body and soul. And the price he gets depends very much upon the particular department in which Fate and the Civil Service Commissioners have chosen to plump him down. West of Charing Cross he may rise to a snug two thousand a year and a knighthood. East of Temple Bar—where lies the Circumlocution Office—he will be lucky if he exchanges his liberty for an ultimate twelve hundred and a possible C.B. More likely it will

be a thousand and the beggarly I.S.O. Waterlow's was a case in point.

He was a typical, latter-day bureaucrat, was Waterlow, a very *dévol*, whose flesh and blood would, long since, have transformed themselves into tape and wax if it had not been for a kindly, pulsing heart that forced humanity into his veins at every beat. He was zealous to lunacy. He was a glutton for cases; and as for statistics they were meat and drink to him. But, for all that, he had a soul and he was, like most of the Brahmin class, as innocent of the world as any baby. So that though he was a nuisance—and made more work than ten men did—everybody liked him. He was "dear old Waterlow" to them all. And, since the higher in the Service a man gets the worse his handwriting should be, the cultivated illegibility of his initials was known and revered through three enormous, smoke-blackened

buildings and up and down the provinces as well. His English—of which he was excessively proud—was good but pompous. His long and wordy minutes had a style completely their own. In his way Waterlow was a personality. He was certainly a power.

Above everything Waterlow liked to push his *protégés*; to find "‘good’ men," as he called it, and to get them on. Every now and then his ignorance of the world let him down horribly, and he promoted to positions of control the veriest duffers—excellent clerky persons in their way, but incapable of command and born eternally to serve. But as these things are happening all day long in the Government Service nobody seemed to mind. Taken altogether, Waterlow was a very good specimen of his caste. And, till the coming of his tragedy, he was the happiest mandarin alive.

It was over-work that did it—sheer, mastering incapacity for sifting the little from the big. Nothing was too large for Waterlow to tackle; nothing, equally, too trivial. Consequently from gray dawn to midnight he had never finished. And every evening of his life you could see him on Cannon Street platform, waiting for the fast Barnden train with a great, fat, yellow E. R.-medallioned pouch in his hand. On him, a bachelor, this gluttony for paper work had grown as hearth and home and domesticity grew upon the married colleagues above whose heads he climbed. Yes; Waterlow of the Circumlocution Office was a happy man till the day of retribution came.

It arrived with a suddenness, heralded only by certain inexplicable fits of insomnia, a growing, unusual depression, and a nasty trick of dreaming of his work which won on into a habit and stayed. One day, on his way to see the Secretary of State for Circumlocution, with a bundle of official papers under his arm, Waterlow found himself

stuck on the great stone staircase, between the third and fourth floors. A swift vertigo had seized him. He felt himself unable to go either up or down, and that if he succeeded in forcing his resisting feet into movement at all he would be compelled to throw himself over the banisters into the enormous stair-case well beneath. So he collapsed in a heap, halfway up the flight, while the flat, cardboard-cased, red-ribboned bundles of documents lolloped gently from stair to stair, just like tobogganning tea-trays, till they strewed the landing at the bottom, in the manner of disorderly paving stones. But Waterlow lay where he had dropped, till two juniors of his own branch, coming back from lunch, found him in shivering helplessness. And when, with all the difficulty in the world, they had coaxed him on to his feet and tried, each crooking an arm in his, to lead him gently upstairs towards his own room, he began to cry in the choking, gasping way that a little child uses when it wakes in terror from some evil and pursuing dream.

When the Circumlocution Department's medical officer came he found Waterlow lying on the hearthrug with his limbs jiggling and his teeth chattering, and the tears rolling down his cheeks like raindrops in July. He gave him brandy and had the fire lighted, though it was midsummer, and gradually got him into a state of something like calm. Then he sent out a messenger to the nearest garage and he and the two juniors carried Waterlow on to the landing and into the lift and thence into the hiring car. The doctor himself drove down to Barnden and saw his patient safely into bed.

The next seven days were a novelty to Waterlow, who hadn't taken any leave for years and who, without his beloved papers, was as any Rachel bereft of her children. All that he had to console him were the doctor's reas-

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suring visits and a host of sympathetic letters from headquarters, including one from the Secretary for Circumlocution himself, which made him blush for pride. When, at the end of the week, the doctor motored him to Harley Street to see the biggest man in brain diseases that Harley Street holds he went like a lamb, for he felt quite his energetic self again and was sure that he was going back to work next day. But his hopes were vain. The specialist pulled him and punched him about and made him stand at attention with his eyes shut and do half a dozen other things of the same, as it seemed to Waterlow, unnecessary kind. Then he delivered the knock-down blow.

"We must take a long rest," he said. "At least three months. In fact, I think that a sea voyage is indicated. A sea voyage will be the very thing." He turned to the medical officer. "I suppose there'll be no difficulty about sick leave?" he asked.

The medical officer shook his head.

"None whatever," he answered. "In fact Mr. Waterlow can have longer if necessary!"

Before the specialist could say anything Waterlow had got out a torrential protest that was all but unintelligible. The gist of it was that the Circumlocution Office couldn't spare him. There was work to be done—important work which no one else could do. "In fact," Waterlow repeated, over and over again, "In fact my attendance at the office is indispensable just now!"

When, at last, for sheer breathlessness, he was silent the specialist faced him sternly.

"Of course it is open to you to disregard my advice, sir," he said. "But if you do I warn you that your attendance at your office, however indispensable it may be, is likely to be a brief one. For since you take up the attitude you do I feel bound to tell you that seizures of the kind that you expe-

rienced last week are often the premonitory symptoms of paralysis. The disease may be arrested—ahem—avoided if you follow my advice. Otherwise"—and he shrugged eloquent shoulders and said no more.

Waterlow collapsed on to the couch from which he had risen.

"Good God," he whispered, "you don't mean to say I'm going to be paralyzed?"

The specialist tapped him kindly on the arm. "Not a bit of it!" he said. "But we must be careful. Yes. We must be very careful indeed." Then a sudden idea struck him. "By the way," he went on, "have you any particular hobby? Golf, for instance?"

But Waterlow shook a dejected head.

"The office is my hobby," he replied sadly. "It always has been—at least, for the last twenty-five years. And I never did play games."

The specialist looked grave. But he was a persistent man and would not be beaten.

"And before that?" he demanded.

Waterlow wondered bewilderedly.

"I—I forget!" he stammered. Then a sudden recollection glimpsed on to him. "I was very fond of German once," he remembered aloud. "I translated a lot of short stories and thought of having them published in book form. But the office began to absorb all my time and I gave up the idea! Perhaps I might turn them up and get the book out now?"

The other nodded vigorously.

"Splendid," he said. "It's the very thing. And you can begin upon it while you're at sea. But remember, when you go back to the office, there must be no office work at home. You can give your evenings to German if you like. Change of work will be a recreation—if you're moderate with it. But, above all, no office work at night. You must do something to rest your mind. Otherwise the consequences

can only be those that I have predicted. Do you understand?"

Waterlow looked at him long before he answered.

"Yes. I understand," he said at last. But his voice was full of desperation. For the office was everything to him—wife and kin and more.

Three days later Waterlow was at sea. He shipped at Southampton for Durban by an intermediate Union-Castle boat and he took with him the works of an obscure German sentimentalist, a pocket dictionary, and a quantity of sermon paper. And all the way out and home, from sheer habit, he worked—translating, copying, and transcribing for a good eight hours a day. But, for all that, the voyage did him good. To begin with, he forgot that such a place as the Circumlocution Office had ever existed, and, over and above that, there were children on board, both out and home. And Waterlow learned many things before he landed in England again. His warm old heart that had spent itself upon dusty files and bloodless statistics found something alive to call to it. He played with the babies as if, by instinct, he knew their games. And the babies, knowing that he knew, welcomed him as one of themselves. Those three months were the happiest of Waterlow's life.

The first thing he did when he got to London was to go to Bond Street—which he had only known by name, for he was a suburban of the suburbans—and to send everyone of his fellow passengers' babies huge boxes of bonbons that cost him a small fortune to procure. Then he drove off to the office of a publisher, whose announcements had chanced to catch his eye as he read his paper in the train. Three days later he had signed an agreement for the production of his book—at his own expense, well-understood—for translations from obscure Teutonic sentiment-

talists are not precisely what the modern public wants. The luxury of getting between covers cost him a matter of seventy excellent sovereigns. Seeing that this was an inclusive price and that Waterlow wanted the thing done in style it cannot be said that the publisher behaved ungenerously.

Waterlow believed in his book, as he believed in himself—as a man who is ever successful in anything at all *must* believe. Hence the reviews of his immortal work were a disappointment to him, though, on the whole, they were negative and not particularly fierce. Two or three critics praised his style, several said that the book was dull, one asked pointedly: "Who is Mr. Samuel Waterlow?" and the rest were tepid and dismissed him in a few, spiritless words. Still Waterlow was not downhearted. He still believed in himself and the voyage had made him into a new man.

One afternoon Waterlow was sitting in his room at the office, signing letters for dear life, when one of his clerks came in with a bundle of papers and a question. This particular clerk was a writer of humorous stories in magazines and was beginning to be very well known. But as, in spite of his imagination, his grammar was excessively shaky and his sentences in official reports were ill-balanced and ill-turned, Waterlow had always regarded him as beneath contempt. The clerk was the next for promotion, and it was common belief in the branch that Waterlow would have him passed over when the time came. But to-day Waterlow—who generally snapped at him on every possible occasion—was positively bursting with affability. He explained the knotty, baffling point, then jumped up from his chair and stood with his back to the fire on the purple, prison-made rug.

"Oh, by the way, Cuthbertson," he

began. "By the way, have you published anything lately?"

Cuthbertson stared at his chief. He had some reason for surprise. The old man's opinion of his short stories had come to him more than once—and had not lost powder and shot in the telling.

"Er—yes, sir," he answered at last. "I've just had a number of short stories collected into book form. They're going very well I understand."

Waterlow nodded approvingly.

"Glad to hear it," he said. "It's a fine thing is literature, Mr. Cuthbertson; nothing like it." He paused. "Oh, by the way," he said carelessly, "I've just brought out a little thing of my own. A volume of translations, you know. You don't happen to have seen it, I suppose?"

Cuthbertson had fairly got there now. And, thinking of the imminent vacancy on the upper grade, with more pay and less work and generally improved prospects altogether, he was ready to say anything.

"Seen them, sir?" he echoed—and he threw the beginning of admiration into his tone. "Seen them? Why, sir, who hasn't?" Then he was discreetly silent but ready with his trumps. Though to hide his smile he began to study the pattern on the carpet.

Old Waterlow's ears pricked up; his eyes glinted; he tried to appear calm and utterly failed.

"Er—what do you think of them?" he asked, with a further naïve pretence at carelessness.

Cuthbertson looked up from the carpet and his voice held a wealth of enthusiasm. "They're excellent," he said, "simply excellent. In fact they're the best things of their kind."

The old man was fairly beside himself with delight. But he was becomingly modest in his pride.

"Oh, surely you're flattering me!" he deprecatingly brought out. "They

aren't—they can't be—as good as all that."

Cuthbertson shot a swift glance at him as he stood there on the hearthrug, the picture of happiness, the embodiment of successful content. How much would he stand? he wondered. Was it wise to give him any more? Then the thought of promotion inspired him to a masterpiece.

"They're talking about them at the Savage Club," he said.

Old Waterlow's back stiffened with happy pride. His eyes flamed. His cheeks glowed. And he coughed before speaking because he was not quite sure of his voice.

"Do you really mean it?" he asked in beautiful simpleness.

Cuthbertson clinched his first lie with a second and nailed his black flag to the masthead.

"Mean it, sir?" he repeated, almost as if the doubt had hurt him. "Why, of course I do."

Old Waterlow couldn't trust himself to speak. But, overcome with emotion, he caught Cuthbertson's hand and wrung it till the other felt that there was a definite promise of promotion in the pain. Then he presently sat down.

"We mustn't let our private pleasures interfere with our official duties," he said. And he took up his pen. Cuthbertson accepted the dismissal, bowed and walked composedly to the door. But once beyond it he gave himself up to a silent laughter that showed red and apoplectic in his face and throat. It was a long time before he could compose himself sufficiently to venture amongst his colleagues in the big room again.

But Waterlow, left alone, was staring at the wall opposite his desk with vague, unseeing eyes. His lips were moving. He kept on repeating the same thing over and over again. "They are talking about it at the Savage Club!"

All the way home the train wheels said the same thing. All the evening he wandered over the heath and along the wall of Greenwich Park with the same thought singing in his brain. He did not sleep a wink. And the next morning his happiness was keen and quick, for all his lack of rest.

When he got to the office he sat down and sent a note to his publishers, ordering a hundred copies of his own book. He meant to make everyone in his branch a present of it and to send it to everyone of consequence in the Service—to all those who knew him and with whom he had worked. And he laid stress upon the necessity for having them at the office the next day. He could get his head messenger—who was almost his valet—to make neat little parcels of them, one by one.

Then he forced himself into forgetting his great success and became the bureaucrat till five o'clock.

The next morning Waterlow, who had slept the sleep of the tired and content, came down to Barnden station ten minutes too soon. The morning was April and beautiful. The heath had been at its springiest. He felt like a boy, and wanted to mix with youth. He saw a half-dozen youngsters waiting near him, going up to King's College school. When the train swung in he followed them in their carriage. He wanted to listen to their enthusiasm, to hear their frank voices, to feel his old sap renewing at the sound. And so he seated himself in a far, cushionless corner, though usually he travelled first. The coach was an old one—of the kind known as "cattle-trucks"—and the compartments were not even divided up to the roof. And anything that was said in one compartment was audible in the next.

But, to Waterlow's disappointment, the boys' talk flagged and waned. They were buried in their books. There was complete silence. And he took refuge

in the thought of his own tremendous literary success.

Suddenly, from the next compartment, there came to him tones that were familiar, yet which, for the moment he could not place. At first they were low and guarded. Then, gathering indiscretion, they rose, careless and high. This is what Waterlow heard:

"Well, if you'll believe me, the old chap asked me what I thought of his stodgy book of translations. At first I was fairly flabbergasted, for of course they're as dull as any old ditch. Then I remembered that Smithson was going at the end of the month, and that if I wanted the vacancy I should have to play up. So I lied like a trooper. I said that they were excellent and the best things of their kind!"

There was a soft, incredulous whistle. Then a laugh and a question.

"What did the old chap say?"

"Oh, I don't remember exactly. But anyway he was in ecstasies. He fairly lapped it up. And when I told him that they were talking about the book at the Savage Club he was so overcome that he could hardly bring himself to speak."

A hearty laugh followed the last speech. And then a voice said: "That ought to make sure of your promotion, old chap."

"I should rather think so. I never saw the dear old ass so pleased in all my life. It's good enough to use almost—only I daren't, for fear he should come across it!"

The voices went on; the laughter echoed and the chatter pursued. But Waterlow knew no more. It was a different refrain that the train wheels were singing now. They were saying "dear old ass," over and over and over again, and, every now and then, Waterlow would start and mumble to himself, so that the boys opposite nudged one another and stared. Presently

Waterlow saw this. His face grew grave, and he frowned at his own foolishness and made a resolution that he meant to keep. But his pride had had a blow that he would never forget as long as he lived. Yet when the train pulled up with a jerk at Cannon Street he did a theatrical thing for the first time in his life. He got out slowly, timing his exit to that of the two men in the adjoining compartment. First of all Cuthbertson got out, then another man who was also in the Service and whom Waterlow recognized as Cuthbertson's illustrator. Waterlow stopped dead in front of them.

"Good morning, Mr. Cuthbertson!" he said. "Are they still talking about it at the Savage Club?"

Cuthbertson's face fell like the shutter of a Kodak. He began to stammer out an explanation. Waterlow cut him short.

"Oh, you humorists," he said gaily, "you will have your little joke!" And then, turning sharp round on his heel, he swung out of the station at a fine rate of speed.

When he got to his room in the Circumlocution Office he found a huge packing-case lumbering the floor. He rang the bell. The messenger came in.

"Get a couple of boys to help you," he said. "Take this case down in the lift, put it on one of the office trolleys, and wheel it into Paternoster Row. There sell it—contents and all—for what it will fetch. And mind, no haggling. Take what is offered without waste of time!"

The man stared. He had seen the publisher's label on the lid.

"But, sir," he ventured, "aren't they copies of your book?"

Waterlow faced him with decision.

"Do as you're told!" he said. Then, without further ado, he got into his office coat that had been warming at the fire and set to work like a lunatic. Two hours later he looked up to find

the messenger standing at his side.

"Well," he asked, "what did they fetch?"

The man put five sovereigns on the table. Waterlow smiled grimly.

"That's more than I expected," he said. "Thank you, Skerrett. You can go." And he dived into the mass of documents once more.

When five o'clock came Waterlow picked up the big, yellow bag from the table in the middle of the room and crammed it full of cases as had been his custom before his illness. He stood looking at it for a moment. Then he picked it up and balanced it ruefully in his hand. An exclamation of disgust escaped him. "It looks beastly," he said. And he unlocked the bag, took out the papers and flung it back on the table again. Still considering, his eye caught the tiny *rouleau* of gold. He smiled and picked it up; put on his hat and went out. Outside the building he called a cab.

"Drive to the Civil Service Stores," he said.

Waterlow spent the next half-hour buying boxes of sweets for his little friends of the voyage. When he had paid his bill there were only thirty shillings left.

"And the next article, sir?" the shopman asked.

Waterlow cocked his head reflectively on one side.

"Where is the games department?" he demanded.

"Second floor, on the right, sir!" said the other. "You'll see a board outside. You can't miss it."

"Thank you," said Waterlow gravely. And he proceeded in the direction indicated. When he reached his destination he paused in front of a row of golf clubs that glimmered on a long rack.

"Yes, sir?" hinted the expectant attendant.

"I want a set of golf clubs," answered Waterlow, "a complete set. In

fact, an entire outfit. I have never played games, and I think it is high time that I began."

Seeing that Waterlow began golf at fifty-five he has done very well to get down to a steady twelve. He is never known to take work home now; neither has he any literary pretensions—at
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least he never mentions them. But his branch goes on as well as ever it did, and it is rumored that he is certain to have the next C.B. that the Circumlocution Department gets. Cuthbertson is still on the lower grade. But when he travels on the South-Eastern he goes first, regardless of expense. He finds cattle-trucks too full of meaning.

Austin Phillips.

GOOD ADVICE.

"Write, write, write, a letter.

Good advice will make us better.
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Let us all advise each other."

This rhyme was repeated to the present writer by a member of a large family in which it is constantly quoted, and literally carried out. The composer, who was one of the clan, is dead and gone; it was written in 1820. What a fearful waste of good advice there is in the world. One wonders in what spiritual lumber-rooms it is all stored, so many people ask for more than they want, and so many offer more than any one else has a use for. Within the confines of the family a certain prodigality in the matter of advice is not, after all, to be deprecated. It tends to keep the family intimate, and makes a good excuse for that intellectual luxury which is almost a necessary, personal conversation. Outside the family more economy should be practised, lest we not only advise but bore each other. We are inclined to think that the man who continually asks advice is a greater bore than the man who continually offers it. The first is anxious to talk about himself; the latter as a rule desires to talk about his neighbors. Very young people form an exception to this as to all other rules. They will talk about themselves, and they will give advice also. Not long ago the present writer

heard a very young curate preaching in a country church. He explained to all the clergy—Bishops, priests, and deacons—in the cities and towns of England exactly why they had failed to convert the working classes and to solve the problem of urban poverty, and gave them good advice for the correction of their obvious mistakes. There were no clergy there to listen to him, and his words floated away over the heads of laboring men and country gentry into the warm summer air. Yet he was not exactly a bore, because in a sense he was talking all the while about the only thing of which he had any real knowledge, and that was himself, revealing under a light covering easily pierced by middle-aged eyes his own ideals, ambitions, and schemes of social salvation. The advice of the young is almost always interesting, there is something about it which is so untrammelled. Experience dulls the didactic imagination.

An inclination to advise is not a bad trait in character even when youth is passed. It shows a keen interest in human affairs, large and small, and a willingness to accept responsibility. The consent which life extracts from some men and more women to let the world go its own way, to lay no restraining hand upon the shoulder of friend or acquaintance, means that the

mainspring of the nature has been broken, and that the whole character has become passive. It is a strange attitude, witnessing to a great deal of suffering, but accompanied very often by a strong sense of humor. But most of those who refrain always from advising refrain out of pure selfishness. Their own affairs give them trouble enough, they reflect, without mixing themselves up in other people's. Like most of the unsympathetic, they have an unnatural fear of blame. No doubt there are a few inveterate advisers who will take no responsibility in action, and risk nothing in their proper person,—timid people who would never take the sort of advice they give, but who love to counsel boldness. When their advice has been taken and has succeeded, they feel that they have actually done the deed they advised, and feel also that they have gone up proportionately in their own eyes. Indeed, the giving of advice is one of their methods of keeping on good terms with themselves. If another man got the V.C. by their advice, they would themselves wear it for life—in imagination. On the other hand, if he died in the attempt, they would but sigh a little over their own too great hardness. Perhaps the most irritating men and women in the world are those who ask for advice, receive it with contempt, think it over, take it, and with it the credit of the whole transaction.

Some women give advice exactly as they read novels, or as their children play with dolls. It is their method of passing the time. They are deeply interested in all the human stories they come across, and go on with a tale themselves when the narrative stops. Their advice is sometimes dramatic, sometimes ingenious, seldom very practical. They never think about it again after they have given it, and would not be able, for want of memory, to question the recipient a little while after as

to whether he had taken it. Moral advice is almost always offered unasked, and is very seldom any good. Yet it is usually given with a good heart, and often by competent persons. Very frequently it has no effect but to set up the receiver's back. Now and then, when moral advice is simply an expression of deep affection and concern, it may have a tremendous effect; but then one wonders whether it is love, and not counsel, which has prevailed over the wayward. We believe the great reason of its inefficacy to be that it seldom throws any new light upon the questions at issue. In spite of all the wits and modern philosophers, every man does practically know right from wrong, and the man who urges him to choose the former is only telling him what he knows already. Of course there are a few people who have a perfect terror of any advice. They dare not speak of their affairs lest any one should offer it to them. They fear the very shadow of interference in a manner which makes one think they have little power to stand against it, and generally there is a very real weakness of purpose hidden under a show of strength.

An immense variety of motives lead both men and women to ask advice. A few are actuated by the simple desire for guidance. Some people have no practical ability, and know they have none. They ask advice as a blind beggar asks assistance, and unless they are—which is not impossible—admirable judges of character they are a prey to the indiscriminate charity of the world. Some women, though they cannot weigh the advice they get, never make a mistake in their choice of an adviser. It is their best claim to a vote; they pass for wise women, and have their households in subjection under them. Many men who cannot weigh the advice they receive are, if we may be allowed a somewhat in-

correct expression, very clever at counting it. They ask the same question of many people, and make out the general opinion pretty shrewdly, and act upon it, never very foolishly, for, after all, there are more wise men than foolish, just as there are more good men than bad. At times the asking of advice is a mere method of flattery or a mere expression of vanity. The asking and giving of advice is a fairly sure way of bringing two people into relation, of arousing or of showing an interest.

We are inclined to think that the wisest men and women in the world ask advice fairly often, and are as open about their affairs as circumstances permit. They ask it not only of experts, but they ask it sometimes of their ordinary acquaintance, not to obtain direct guidance, but to get a new light, just as they read a new book on their own subject, not on the chance that they may reverse their point of view, but in the assurance that they will enlarge it. More wisdom is re-

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quired in taking than in giving advice. It should seldom be taken whole. The great thing, as we believe, is to take none which is out of character. To do so is to regret it. If we are naturally slow of decision, we shall be hurried into promptness at our peril. If we are by nature placable and polite, we must not take advice to be arbitrary even in the best cause. If we are impulsive, we should take counsel with a man of the same temperament and stronger mind; but not with the phlegmatic, though he be the wisest slow-coach on earth. We all know our own defects, and if we are decent people at all our moral constitution has set up certain compensations. To disturb these is to court failure. So far as the isolated act is concerned, rashly accepted advice may be good enough—and successful enough—but how are we to go on? We have started on a course which is out of character, and we shall stumble until we get back into our stride.

THE MENDICANT AT FIRST-HAND. *

"Beggars" is a curious and sympathetic study of begging by a successful practitioner of that art in America and in English town and country. It differs from other volumes of the kind in being written in an excellent style, without wild disregard of the rules of punctuation or crude attempts at a philosophy beyond the writer. The point of view of the beggar is plainly and frankly taken, without any reserve or regret. He is a jolly fellow, and his successes make him great, reaching even to "divine genius" when he manages to sleep in a millionaire's bed. When he shows any consideration for

common workers and householders, it is a wonderful achievement. The "workhouse tramp," navvy, or anybody who does work for meals and money is regarded as unworthy of a noble profession. If you have worked at a house, you are so ashamed as to conceal the fact from your fellows in a beggars' camp. America is, it appears, by far the best place for begging, and there the real beggar despises mere bread and butter, seeking for hot meals, and a seat "at the table like a Christian." He gets his meal first before he does a job to pay for it, and then purposely breaks the tool he has to use so that he need not complete his wood-chopping. In America the hard-

* "Beggars." By W. H. Davies. (Duckworth & Co.)

working man is called in scorn a "stiff":

For instance, one is called a "shovel stiff," another a "cattle stiff"; then there is the "mission stiff," and the "barrel-house stiff." Shovel stiff is the name applied by tramps to navvies and railroad workers. If one of the latter enters a tramps' camp, being out of work and looking for it, it is not long before he sees that his presence is not wanted. He is generally known by his clothes or his heavy boots. Tramps wear light boots, which are begged at the better class of houses, the inmates of which do not wear heavy boots. So when a man on tramp is seen to have on a heavy working pair, it can reasonably be supposed that he has bought them, and must have worked to enable him to do so. For this reason he is only a tramp for the time being, and is despised for being a shovel stiff.

The beggar "boards" trains as a matter of course, sometimes seeking a most dangerous position whence he cannot be removed by the officials when once the train has started. They can, however, stone him, and sometimes do.

There is something disconcerting—to say the least of it—to the average Englishman in the perpetual lying which is the main part of the beggar's stock-in-trade; and even masters of the craft have a bad time of it, we gather, when they cross the Atlantic. Chicago Fatty, a famous American beggar, visited Liverpool on a cattle boat and forty men did not give him "sixteen farthings for the feather"; that is, money for a fourpenny bed.

Begging in England nearly broke his heart and so sickened him that, when he returned to his own country, New York Slim and Boston Shorty had to feed him, as though he were a babe in arms, until he recovered sufficiently to help himself. Blacky—the half-breed—who claimed to have enough Indian blood in his veins to make himself dangerous if he had cause—Blacky, I say, thought that Fatty would never

again be a good beggar. It certainly seemed, for a long time, that this would be the case until one morning Fatty went out and begged his breakfast, but nothing more. He went out again, begged a meal, a shirt and a handkerchief. In a day or two this good beggar—almost ruined by a trip to England—began to take a man with him to carry the spoils as he had been accustomed to do in his prosperous days.

There are in the book many comments of interest. One is that the supposed "beggars' marks" on houses are all nonsense; another, that tramps are much more frightened of women on the road than women are of tramps. Johnson thought that a beggar would prefer to beg from a man, Sterne thought from a woman. Mr. Davies's objection to the latter is based on the fear that the woman is apt to be nervous about tramps.

The author has already given us in his remarkable verse a view of the cheap lodging-house, and here we get further details of the strange manners and customs of these places, where he wrote letters gratis for the illiterate. His reminiscences are vivid, and gain by a quaint simplicity which is delightful after the journalese in which such lives are generally written. We can well believe that he has "a sharp eye and a clear memory" for people he met years ago, and he almost seems to regret his career as an author. The chapters on his literary life offer pungent and somewhat bitter reading, and the old lesson that repute does not necessarily mean money:—

I am considered to be a liar by those who have read so much about my work, and who at last begin to doubt when I say that Fame in England does not pay so good as begging in America, and that a very small income of my own supports me.

We remark that Mr. Davies's genuine talents and striking career lead to the

sort of reception which spoils an author. He has, it appears, been compared to Daniel Defoe. That is nothing, as praise goes in the indiscriminate press. Who could name off-hand at the present day the modern author of "the

The Athenaeum.

finest thing since 'Lear' "? Until we know the quarter from which these comparisons proceed and the authority which is behind them, we must regard them as a cruel sort of kindness to the rising author.

THE NEW YORK ELECTION.

It is undoubtedly a very considerable success that the friends of good government have won in New York. They have failed to elect their candidate for the Mayoralty, but they have carried without exception all the minor offices, and the charter under which New York is administered is such that the control of these minor offices carries with it the means of checking and supervising the mayor, and of damming the stream of graft at its fountain-head. All the appropriations for carrying on the city government have, for instance, to be made through the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, and as all the officials who constitute this Board, except the mayor, belong to the Reformers' camp, there is a strong guarantee that expenditure during the next four years will be honest and economical. Again, the office of District Attorney is one of immense importance. It might almost indeed be described as the key to the Tammany fortress. When the District Attorney is honest, fearless and efficient, there is the assurance that Tammany malefactors will at least be brought to trial, that indictments will no longer be mysteriously "lost," and that the machinery of the law will remain intact. It goes without saying that in no municipal or county office is it more essential that all political influence should be excluded than in that of District Attorney. The occupant of that post controls absolutely the machinery of criminal prosecution. It rests with him to see that no "pull" of

any sort shall spare an accused man from a fair trial. The District Attorney, in short, is either a formidable obstacle or an invaluable friend to the politicians and their peculiar operations. The triumph of the Reformers in carrying their nominee for the District Attorneyship implies that the legal, as well as the financial, business of the city will be administered with a single eye to the interests of the people. Tammany is thus cut off from a familiar source of wealth, and from the immunity it necessarily enjoys when the law officers of the city are its own henchmen. Much no doubt remains to it. The Mayor's powers of appointment and dismissal are still a great asset, and may easily be converted into an instrument of jobbery and corruption. So long as he can appoint the thirty-two magistrates who preside over the lower courts, and can nominate and remove the Police Commissioners, Tammany is far from impotent. But Judge Gaynor, as the solitary, if also the chief, member for Tammany, in a cabinet of Reformers somewhat ludicrously resembles a lion in a den of Daniels.

It is one more illustration of the mysterious methods of Providence that the chief agent in producing this all but unqualified victory for decent government should have been Mr. Hearst. Mr. Hearst for more than a decade has been himself a problem not less disquieting than Tammany Hall. The eight prosperous daily papers that he

owns and directs were the first as they are the last, word in "yellow" journalism; nobody disputes their primacy of the sewer. They are often splendidly and legitimately enterprising, but more often recklessly sensational; they bear the mark of a vivid and alert intelligence, but that intelligence is too frequently prostituted to the basest ends; and their general tone has earned for them the condemnation of all reputable Americans. But the masses relish them, and it is perhaps an open question whether in their ceaseless warfare on the plutocracy they are not doing a necessary and even a useful work. At any rate they have succeeded in making many scores of thousands of Americans believe that in Mr. Hearst there is a genuine champion of the Have-nots against the Haves. He is a man with no record of public services to appeal to, and his personal reputation is rather a hindrance than a help to him in his political career. Yet, four years ago, entering the campaign for the Mayoralty almost at the eleventh hour, and with an untried organization behind him, he fought Tammany to a standstill; and this year his support of the Reformers' candidates for the minor posts has proved unquestionably the main factor in their success. He is by far the most formidable opponent that Tammany has yet encountered. But that does not of course mean that he will remain its opponent for ever. When Tammany finds a man whom it cannot suppress, its invariable policy is to annex him; and nobody who has followed Mr. Hearst's career and who has seen him fighting for and against every party in turn, can doubt that he has no insuperable objection to being annexed. In New York City it is clear that he holds the balance of power between Tammany Hall on one side and the "good citizens" on the other. The latter will never adopt him as their candidate, but far stranger things have

happened than Mr. Hearst's appearance four years hence, as the Tammany nominee and his triumphant election.

What perhaps is the most satisfactory feature in the Reformers' victory is that it was effected in the absence of the two conditions that hitherto have been held essential to the overthrow of Tammany. Those two conditions are that Tammany should have been actively and glaringly disreputable, and that all the forces opposed to it should be united. But in the campaign that closed recently one of these conditions was virtually non-existent and the other only partially obtained. In the past four years that it has held office, Tammany, still unregenerate behind the scenes, has been comparatively inoffensive in public. There is not the smallest reason to think that it has changed anything but its methods, or that it has ceased to be a many-linked chain of organized rascality. But since 1905 it has successfully avoided the grosser scandals. If it has stolen—and nobody doubts that it has—its operations have been judiciously veiled. If the police have blackmailed, they have done so with some approach to circumspection. If the Boss and his lieutenants have enriched themselves with graft, as of course they have, their guilt is more suspected than proved. If Tammany has been just as much as ever in league with contractors and corporations at the expense of the city and its citizens, the public tokens of this alliance have for the most part been adroitly suppressed. Only two or three of the late Mayor's appointments were obviously bad; only two or three of his actions were palpably "political." There were, in short, few of the usual revelations. Nor was there complete unity among the anti-Tammany forces. Mr. Hearst's intervention split the vote for the Mayoralty, even though his adoption of the other candidates on the Reform ticket

secured their election. It is therefore all the more creditable to New Yorkers that, confronted by a ballot-sheet as large as a dining-table, worked upon by no particularly stimulating disclosures, and conscious of the disunion among the Reformers, they should none the less have smitten Tammany hip and thigh. The fact is encouraging but it is not final. It does not mean the suppression for good and all of the Tammany organization. Tammany has often found itself far more thoroughly defeated than it is to-day, and it has always hitherto been able to recover the lost ground. There are some signs that New Yorkers, and indeed the American people generally, are beginning to cut loose from the domination

The Outlook.

ELFINLAND.

O, see not ye that bonny road

That winds about that ferny brae?

That is the road to fair Elfland,

Where thou and I this night maun
gae.

It is a road which many among our greatest poets have never been able to find—perhaps never cared to seek. Some strange fortuitous natural gift it is which opens the gate of Elfinland—something which may, and often does, exist side by side with exalted mental gifts, but which is more often the dower of a simple and untutored nature. Reason and logical capacity, exercised and educated to their highest pitch, are apt to be exclusive, and to dwarf the spontaneous instincts and feelings which are common to humanity, and therefore quite as deserving of development along the proper lines.

It is not, therefore, in what are known as the Augustan ages of literature that we must seek for the true spirit of fairy lore. The period which rejoiced in the building of Palladian

of the Bosses and to treat municipal government as primarily a business and not a political problem. But this movement will have to develop far more strength and constancy than it has done so far if it is to win more than a casual victory or to endanger Tammany's security at all permanently. The citizens of New York have won a respite of sorts for the next four years; but they have not won freedom or anything like it. If it is ever safe indeed to forecast the future by the past, then to prophesy that Tammany in 1913 will be again in power is scarcely to speculate on the unknowable so much as to draw the moral of New York's history during the past hundred years.

mansions, in lofty white-and-gold salons, in formal gardens and Watteau shepherdesses, also demanded conformity with similar canons in the realm of literature. The middle of the seventeenth century witnessed the banishment of the fairies from poetry, save in country tradition and in survivals of ballad lore. It was not until two hundred years had passed away that they were thoroughly re-instated, for the Elfinland of L. E. L. and of Mrs. Hemans was a stagey limelight affair, which was evidently, in the eyes of its singers, the merest "poetic license."

No amount of gilded epithet, of talk about gossamer cloaks and rainbow wings, can convey the strange mysterious charm which was so real a thing to the early balladists. The elfinland in which our forefathers believed, as the Irish peasantry do to this day, was far more than a gaudily pretty peepshow. It was weird, perilous, terrible. They knew better than to endeavor to give concrete expression to that twilight

realm, and we shall look in vain
through the tale of Thomas the
Rhymer and of the Young Tamlane for
any of those painstaking descriptions
into which later poets have been be-
trayed.

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers
aboon the knee;
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the moaning of the
sea.

It was mirk mirk night, and there was
nae stern light,
And they waded through rivers
aboon the knee:
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that
countrie.

Thus far the balladist, and no farther. And would not the tale of True Thomas have lost half of its mystic charm by any attempt to take away the mysterious glamor of his seven years in Fairyland? Into that wonderful twilight he goes, to the chime of the Elf Queen's ringing bridle, and it is only by the subtle suggestion of the context that we can conjure up a dim vision of Elfinland.

In an age whose literature looked for guidance to classical models, the cult of native tradition naturally went to the wall, save in so far as its creations lingered under the more stilted guise of allegory. It was with the revived influence of early literature, the new vogue of romance, that the fairy folk came to their own again. In the "Idylls of the King" may be seen a perfect example of the transition from one mode of thought to another, where the classical school to which Tennyson's manner partly belongs has grafted upon it the mediæval mysticism of the "Morte d'Arthur."

It was that quality of what we must call, for want of a better expression, the Celtic spirit in Keats' work which

rendered him so little in harmony with the day in which he lived, so strangely in sympathy with modern lovers of poetry. The reading public of that period knew nothing of

Magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faerie lands for-
lorn.

"La Belle Dame sans Merci" was incomprehensible, and therefore not of the most respectable. Still another early disciple of the new school of legendary lore was James Hogg, whose "Kilmeny" is one of the few modern fairy poems which has the genuine ancient ring.

Kilmeny had been, she kenned not
where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could
not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock
never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind
never blew.

What wonder that this is the one poem with which most people connect the name of the Ettrick shepherd?

Elfinland is, or should be, dear and near to children and to their elders alike, and any tendency to moralizing or allegory is not wanted in that other-world atmosphere. There is a spice of irreverence about the idea of making the fairy folk the servants of men. In song, as in story, they must be mysterious, unknown, free or they are not worth talking about at all.

Up the alry mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men.

Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping altogether;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather.

I think most of us would give up many greater poems rather than these haunting echoes of old legend and ro-

mantle dreams which sing themselves
through the memory like the burden of
some enchanted song.

Two and one, and three fair maidens,
Singing to a pulsing cadence,
The Academy.

Singing songs of Elfin Mere.

Years ago, and years ago,
And the tall reeds sigh as the wind
doth blow.

G. F. S.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"The Value of Happiness" edited by Mary Minerva Barrows, and published by the H. M. Caldwell Co. is a compilation of passages in prose and verse, from writers new and old, well known and little known, which define, exalt, and, by wise admonition and suggestion, promote happiness. Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster furnishes the Introduction. Wide and decorated margins, and attractive typography and binding suggest holiday uses.

Two attractive books for young girl readers come from the presses of L. C. Page & Co. "Sweet Nancy," by Marion Ames Taggart, carries on the narrative of "The Doctor's Little Girl" to whom young readers were given a pleasant introduction a year or more ago; while in "Tilda Jane's Orphans" Marshall Saunders pursues the tale of the bright and winning small damsel, whose story ended all too soon for the youthful taste in the earlier volume "Tilda Jane." Both books are illustrated.

Edgar Allan Poe's "Tales of Mystery" have certainly never been sent out in a more impressive and highly decorated form than in the edition of which the J. B. Lippincott Co. are the American publishers. Wide margins, heavy paper and attractive typography give the volume the characteristic features of an edition de luxe; and Byam Shaw is the daring artist who has pitted his imagination against Poe's and undertaken the illustration of the tales. He furnishes sixteen illustrations in

color,—one for each of the tales—not all of equal merit, but some sufficiently gruesome to match the text.

Dr. Lyman Abbott's "The Temple" completes a group of three books, each intelligible by itself, but the three forming practically a single work. The first volume, "The Great Companion," expressed and exemplified the Christian faith in God; the second, "The Other Room," unfolded the faith in immortality; and this defines the scope and purpose of the various faculties of the human mind and body. It is a sane religion and a sane morality which here finds expression; and there are no technicalities of theology or subtleties of scholasticism to deter the lay reader. The Macmillan Co.

Miss Abbie Farwell Brown has contrived a pretty story by combining the legend of St. Francis and his "little brothers," and the time-honored tale of the youth stolen in babyhood to serve mountebanks, but finding his way to the one spot on earth whence he may come to his own again, and Mr. E. Boyd Smith has given it pictures of the boy, the hermit, the bear, the wolf, the dog, cat and raven, and also of the wicked king and the young prince transformed by the example of the gentle hero, who is called "John of the Woods." The tale is especially adapted to the needs of parents desirous of teaching children to wish to train animals by kindness. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Miss Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews's "The Enchanted Forest" is composed of four stories of which two are fantastic, abounding in beasts and birds compounded of utterly incompatible elements, one is half allegorical, and the fourth, although less elaborate, is worthy to be classed with Mr. Kipling's "They." Mr. E. Boyd Smith illustrates the stories in a wonderfully sympathetic manner, giving his pictures exactly the right touch of mystery to make them harmonize with the text, and a clever child will find delight in both. A stupid girl or boy will be utterly unable to penetrate their mystery, but what father or mother ever admitted the possession of such a child? E. P. Dutton & Co.

"In Wildest Africa" (L. C. Page & Co.), as further defined on the title page, is the record of a hunting and exploring trip through Uganda, Victoria Nyanza, the Kilimanjaro Region and British East Africa, with an account of an ascent of the snow-fields of Mount Kilbo, in East Central Africa, and a description of the various native tribes. The trip was made in 1907 by Peter MacQueen, who here describes it, and his friend Peter Dutkewich, who took most of the photographs from which the 64 illustrations which embellish the volume were made. They were congenial companions and they describe and picture interestingly and with enthusiasm a region of the earth which is being rapidly opened up to civilization and abounds in great possibilities. Mr. MacQueen writes in an easy and vivid style, and Mr. Dutkewich's pictures are admirably done.

As instructor in philosophy and psychology at Mt. Holyoke, Miss Eleanor Harris Rowland has to encounter the question of religion as it presents itself to her pupils, and to find answers

for the inquiries which they make in regard to almost every article of the creed. Nominally, she does not teach theology, but if she were given such a professorship, she would hardly find much difference in the problems presented to her by each new class. The volume which she now publishes—"The Right to Believe"—is the fruit of these class-room discussions, which Miss Rowland, in her preface, describes as always critical and sometimes humorous, but never flippant. Her own handling of the problems presented, though keen and brisk, is patient, sympathetic and dignified. The volume will be of service to teachers in Sunday-schools and Bible classes, as well as to members of its writer's own profession. Houghton Mifflin Company.

"Confessions" having been shown to be excellent advertisements, perhaps Miss Carolyn Wells may be induced to own why she has been writing "nonsense" and children's stories, and compiling anthologies when she might have been writing such tales as "The Clue." There seems to be no excuse for her abstinence, for the tale shows sufficient ingenuity to suffice for at least two mystery novels, and is much better written than the "Patty" books, or any of her other stories for girls. Moreover there are "clues" by which one may trace the crime to nearly all the characters except the one actually guilty, and the reader is steadily maintained in the agreeable posture of noting the dulness of the detectives, professional and amateur, and his own extraordinary perspicacity, and then the real clue appears, and his vanity is crushed, and is it not the chief end of the detective novel to produce this feeling? J. B. Lippincott Company.

There are boarding schools and boarding schools. That described by Miss Etta Anthony Baker in "The

Girls of Fairmount, is a boarding school of gentility with a stable, and with all the other appointments of the best American country-houses, and although the pupils are kept under salutary discipline, their lives do not differ from those which they would lead in their well-organized homes. The interest of the tale depends upon the interplay of character, and as none of the girls lack individuality, the story is entertaining. The episode of the domineering, conceited and superserviceable young person who appears in the latter half of the book prevents it from seeming tame to any girl-reader objecting to unbroken happiness, and its only fault is the introduction of a chapter in which a riding class is described as conducting itself scandalously during a road lesson, although one of its members possibly redeems its bad behavior by saving a child's life. If the "Girls" appear in future stories, they will assuredly be welcomed. (Little Brown & Co.)

How beautiful must have been the years in which Mr. E. V. Lucas accomplished the reading which has enabled him to produce his remarkable series of anthologies. One pictures him as passing from great author to great author making here and there a note of the suitability of a passage for this or that collection and the double delight as into his mind's eye occasionally came the row of neat little volumes in which the fruits of his placid toil should at length find shape. Already the row includes a baker's dozen and here is another, "Some Friends of Mine: a Rally of Men." The "company" includes chance acquaintances, urban humorists, country gentlemen, good servants, cricketers, divines, lawyers, physicians, sportsmen, bruisers, adventurers, wild Irishmen, talkers, book-worms, collectors, patriots, teachers of youth and "Last of all," Dr.

Holmes's "Our Oldest Friend." Upon the whole this is the best little book in the row, chiefly because of the grouping and the unhackneyed character of the selections. May there be many more to come! "A Rally of Women," certainly; "A Rally of Children," perhaps; "A Rally of Babies," possible! The Macmillan Company.

The laurels of Italy withered all when Petrarch died, but every land has since plucked its own for him and as Miss Maud F. Jerrold points out in the preface of her "Francisco Petrarca," it is sometimes in honor of the poet, sometimes in praise of the humanist that their leaves have been scattered. Recent critical editions of his Italian work and elaborate studies of his Latin have attracted renewed attention to his writings in both kinds, and the latter half of her title, "Poet and Humanist" presages Miss Jerrold's intention to divide the attention of her readers between his two aspects. In both he was a winner of hearts and the story of his many noble friendships is attractive in any tongue, aside from its connection with the one great story of his days. In the chapters called "In the Company of the Great," and "The Euganean Hills," one may read his own views on these friendships expressed directly or in the "Letters" in which, according to the fancy of the day, he proclaimed his opinions and hopes. As a biographer Miss Jerrold excels in bringing brilliant scenes before the inward eye. As a critic, she is enlightening and illuminating, often showing the personal intention in places in which it might have lain unsuspected. The two qualities unite to make her book final for some years at least. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Jonathan Thayer Lincoln's "The City of the Dinner Pall" is so fair and moderate in its well-balanced state-

ments that the author might very well claim the reward promised to the peacemaker. He has known Fall River since those early days when the impulse to reform the relations of employer and employed came from theorists only and the labor union was unknown, and he has been not only an observer, but a participator in the practical movements which now seem to promise a better understanding. He has studied the problems of the successive years as an American concerned for the whole people and the whole country, anxious to preserve unspooled the heritage received from the fathers and resolved that the coming generation shall be reared to develop the same spirit. The titles of the six papers in the volume are "The City of the Dinner Pall"; "The Average Citizen and the Labor Problem"; "The Man and the Machine"; "The Time Clock"; "Trade Unionism and the Individual Worker"; and "The City of Luxury." The chronic complainer against things as they are might do well to read the last paper first, and thus save himself from propounding some of the objections which he may make to the tolerance of the early articles. In whatever order they are read they tend to give breadth to the reader's view of their subjects. Houghton Mifflin Company.

The sum of ignorance about itself to be accumulated by a well-meaning federal republic with free libraries, free schools, book shops, and the kindly advice of Europe, Japan and the Philippine archipelago as a never rising fountain of refreshment is astonishing. Few native Americans know the difference between a Pilgrim and a Puritan: few know that all the Cavaliers were not gentlemen of substance, and few are aware that the Puritans wore as costly habits as their purse could buy, and—there are many other points on which instruction is needed. Such

is the opinion of Mr. A. Maurice Low, after nearly thirty years of residence in the United States, and the desire to disperse this fog of ignorance was one of his reasons for planning his "The American People." Naturally, he thinks that the history of a country, by which he means its history as a country, the account of its first moment as a unit, of its growth and changing development, its biography, to use his own happy word, is best written by a foreigner. This may be accepted, as harmonizing with the common saying that lookers on see the most of the game. The work conceived by Mr. Low if it were possible, were highly desirable, but while immigration continues and the typical American is opaline in his changeability a "biography" of the people must be tentative. Mr. Low's book is broadly and nobly conceived, and industriously performed and is written in a manner uncommonly awakening. Houghton Mifflin Company.

The author of "The Lady of the Decoration," Miss Frances Little, in her second book, "Little Sister Snow," has produced a story in which both Japanese heroine and American hero are true national ideals, and yet one doubts whether, truthful and artistic although it be, it may not fall far short of the success granted both to the stories in which the American is a scoundrel, and to others in which the Japanese girl disgraces her ancestors unashamed, and uncondemned. The "Little Sister" while yet a "little" sister indeed, encounters an American boy, who prevents her from drowning a bad cat, the murderer of a bird, and twelve years later he writes to ask her if he may have quarters in her father's house during a flying visit to the place where she lives. Her parents consent, and Yuki San, only a few days after her father has accepted the proposals of a

good husband for her, falls in love with the visitor. He, in the clean, decent American way, never guesses her feelings: she, in the highbred Japanese manner, does not understand what has happened to her until he goes merrily away to marry his betrothed at home, but when from some stray words of his, and from his diary, she discerns the truth, she too keeps a diary until her wedding day, and then she burns it on the altar of Buddha and goes to her duty, to be a good wife, in the decent Japanese fashion. That is all. No shocking death, no wickedness; nothing but two innocent creatures in a fairy garden, and house, and temple. It is a poem, but sordid thought! is it going to sell? Century Company.

It may reasonably be supposed that Mr. William De Morgan intended that the title of his latest novel, "It Never Can Happen Again," should suggest ejaculatory thankfulness to his readers as they closed its covers; for its effect is to create sympathy with those somewhat different men of letters, the late Matthew Arnold and Sir William Gilbert in their contempt for the entire question of the deceased wife's sister. Mrs. Dinah Mulock Craik took it very seriously, so seriously that there is no humor in the novel of which she made it the theme. Mr. De Morgan, who sees the humor latent in everything, from little dogs to duchesses, cannot seriously regard the woes of men and women who, having deliberately broken a law to please themselves, desire Heaven and the United Kingdom to defend them from any possible uncomfortable consequences. Therefore, from first to last, he has no pity to waste upon his heroine, stately, haughty Judith Ackroyd, who bestows her affections upon a married man with

three children, one belonging to the deceased wife, the other two to her successor and sister; and he ends by humiliating her as heroine never before was humiliated, and effectually checks the reader's sympathy by showing with what consolation she compensates herself. Sentimentality is so entirely foreign to Mr. De Morgan that this ought not to surprise any one, but the fashion of petting the sinner is so general at this moment that one half expects that he will allow some little touch of pity to be shown by some one of Judith's friends or family, but alas! they are no more saddened by her deserved sorrows than he is, than the world ever is. By way of further assuring the retention of the reader in a sensible mood Mr. De Morgan adds a chapter showing the working of the present absurd law in certain cases involving no sin and leaves one superciliously smiling at a Bishop, certainly not an act of piety. The deceased wife's sister and all her works are but half the story. Side by side with them runs the tale of the blind father who never saw his little daughter's face, and the little daughter capable for his sake of many sorts of heroism, and the subject of so much tender kindness from all gifted with eyes to discern her spiritual loveliness that her poor life of privation and suffering glows with beauty. The difference between the charity which "slums" for amusement and to obtain topics for conversation and magazine articles, and the charity which sacrifices self has never been so well shown as in the tale of Jim and Lizarann, and long after Judith is forgotten they will live in the reader's memory, a father and daughter worthy of one another, and happily, in their death not divided. Henry Holt & Co.